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BRITISH
MUSEUM

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF THE REVEREND

DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
Reproach our ſilence, and demand our rage;
When purchas'd follies, from each diſtant land,
Like arts, improve in Britain's ſkilful hand;
When the Law ſhews her teeth, but dares not bite,
And South-ſea treaſures are not brought to light;
When Churchmen Scripture for the Claſſics quit,
Polite apoſtates from God's grace to wit;
When men grow great from their revenue ſpent,
And fly from baſſets into parliament;
When dying ſinners, to blot out their ſcore,
Bequeath the Church the leavings of a whore;
To chafe our ſpleen, when themes like theſe increaſe,
Shall panegyric reign, and cenſure ceaſe?---
Shall authors ſmile on ſuch illuſtrious days,
And ſatirize with nothing----but their praiſe? SAT. I.

VOL. II.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1777.

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VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

COMPLAINT:

OR,

NIGHT-THOUGHTS

ON LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

Sunt lacrymae rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt. VIRG.

Thro' many a field of moral and divine
The Muſe has ſtray'd, and much of ſorrow ſeen.....
O'er friends deceas'd full heartily ſhe wept;
Of love divine the wonders ſhe diſplay'd;
Prov'd Man immortal; ſhew'd the ſource of joy;
The grand tribunal rais'd; aſſign'd the bounds
Of human grief. In few, to cloſe the whole,
The moral Muſe has ſhadow'd out a ſketch,
Tho' not in form, nor with a Raphael ſtroke,
Of moſt our weakneſs needs believe or do,
In this our land of travail and of hope,
For peace on earth, or proſpect of the ſkies. NIGHT IX.

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EDINBURGH:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MAXIMS.

June 1777.

THE COMPLAINT.

NIGHT VII.

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

PART II.

Containing the

Nature, Proof, and Importance, of Immortality.

PREFACE.

As we are at war with the power, it were well if we were at war with the manners, of France. A land of of levity is a land of guilt. A serious mind is the native soil of every virtue, and the single character that does true honour to mankind. The soul's immortality has been the favourite theme with the serious of all ages. Nor is it strange; it is a subject by far the most interesting and important that can enter the mind of man. Of highest moment this subject always was, and always will be: yet this its highest moment seems to admit of increase at this day; a sort of occasional importance is superadded to the natural weight of it, if that opinion which is advanced in the Preface to the preceeding Night be just. It is there supposed that all our Infidels, whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronize, are betrayed into their deplorable error by some doubt of their immortality at the bottom:

and the more I conſider this point, the more I am perſuaded of the truth of that opinion. Though the diſtruſt of a futurity is a ſtrange error, yet it is an error into which bad men may naturally be diſtreſſed; for it is impoſſible to bid defiance to final ruin, without ſome refuge in imagination, ſome preſumption of eſcape. And what preſumption is there? there are but two in Nature; but two within the compaſs of human thought; and theſe are,—That either God will not or cannot puniſh. Conſidering the divine attributes, the firſt is too groſs to be digeſted by our ſtrongeſt wiſhes; and ſince Omnipotence is as much a divine attribute as holineſs, that God cannot puniſh is as abſurd a ſuppoſition as the former. God certainly can puniſh as long as wicked men exiſt. In non-exiſtence, therefore, is their only refuge; and, conſequently, non-exiſtence is their ſtrongeſt wiſh: and ſtrong wiſhes have a ſtrange influence on our opinions; they bias the judgment in a manner almoſt incredible. And ſince on this member of their alternative there are ſome very ſmall appearances in their favour, and none at all on the other, they catch at this reed, they lay hold on this chimera, to ſave themſelves from the ſhock and horror of an immediate and abſolute deſpair.

On reviewing my ſubject, by the light which this argument, and others of like tendency, threw upon it, I was more inclined than ever to purſue it, as it appeared to me to ſtrike directly at the main root of all our infidelity. In the following pages it is, accordingly, purſued at large, and ſome arguments for immortality, new at leaſt to me,

are ventured on in them. There, alſo, the writer has made an attempt to ſet the groſs abſurdities and horrors of annihilation in a fuller and more affecting view than is (I think) to be met with elſewhere.

The gentlemen for whoſe ſake this attempt was chiefly made, profeſs great admiration for the wiſdom of Heathen antiquity: what pity it is they are not ſincere! If they were ſincere, how would it mortify them to conſider with what contempt and abhorrence their notions would have been received by thoſe whom they ſo much admire? What degree of contempt and abhorrence would fall to their ſhare, may be conjectured by the following matter of fact (in my opinion) extremely memorable. Of all their Heathen worthies Socrates ('tis well known) was the moſt guarded, diſpaſſionate, and compoſed; yet this great maſter of temper was angry, and angry at his laſt hour; and angry with his friend; and angry for what deſerved acknowledgment; angry for a right and tender inſtance of true friendſhip towards him. Is not this ſurpriſing? what could be the cauſe? The cauſe was for his honour; it was a truly noble, though, perhaps, a too punctilious regard for immortality: for his friend aſking him, with ſuch an affectionate concern as became a friend, "Where "he ſhould depoſit his remains?" it was reſented by Socrates, as implying a diſhonourable ſuppoſition that he could be ſo mean as to have regard for any thing, even in himſelf, that was not immortal.

This fact, well conſidered, would make our Infidels with-

draw their admiration from Socrates, or make them endeavour, by their imitation of this illustrious example, to share his glory; and, consequently, it would incline them to peruse the following pages with candour and impartiality, which is all I desire, and that for their sakes; for I am persuaded that an unprejudiced Infidel must, necessarily, receive some advantageous impressions from them.

July 7. 1744.

The Contents.

IN the Sixth Night arguments were drawn from Nature in proof of immortality; here others are drawn from Man: from his discontent, p. 5.; from his passions and powers, p. 7.; from the gradual growth of reason, ibid.; from his fear of death, p. 8.; from the nature of hope, ibid. and of virtue, p. 9.; from knowledge and love, as being the most essential properties of the soul, p. 13.; from the order of creation, p. 14, &c.; from the nature of ambition, p. 16, &c. avarice, p. 20.; pleasure, p. 22. A digression on the grandeur of the passions, p. 23. Immortality alone renders our present state intelligible, p. 24. An objection from the Stoics' disbelief of immortality answered, p. 25. Endless questions unresolvable, but on supposition of our immortality, p. 26, &c. The natural, most melancholy, and pathetic complaint of a worthy man under the persuasion of no futurity, p. 28, &c. The gross absurdities and horrors of annihilation urged home on Lorenzo, p. 34, &c. The soul's vast importance, p. 40, &c.; from whence it arises, p. 43, &c. The difficulty of being an Infidel, p. 45.; the infamy, p. 46.; the cause, p. 47.; and the character, ibid. of an infidel state. What true free-thinking is, p. 49.; the necessary punishment of the false, p. 50. Man's ruin is from himself, p. 51. An Infidel accuses himself of guilt and hypocrisy, and that of the worst sort, ibid.; his obligation to Christians, p. 52.; what danger he incurs by virtue, ibid.; Vice recommended to him, p. 54.; his high pretences to virtue and benevolence exploded, ibid. The conclusion, on the nature of faith, p. 56.; reason, ibid.; and hope, ibid.; with an apology for this attempt, p. 57.

HEAV'N gives the needful, but neglected call.
What day, what hour, but knocks at human hearts,
To wake the soul to sense of future scenes?

Deaths ſtand, like Mercurys, in ev'ry way,
And kindly point us to our journey's end.
Pope, who couldſt make immortals! art thou dead?
I give thee joy; nor will I take my leave,
So ſoon to follow. Man but dives in death,
Dives from the ſun, in fairer day to riſe,
The grave his ſubterranean road to bliſs.
Yes, infinite indulgence plann'd it ſo;
Thro' various parts our glorious ſtory runs;
Time gives the preface, endleſs age unrolls
The volume (ne'er unroll'd) of human fate.
This earth and ſkies *already have proclaim'd.
The world's a propheſy of worlds to come,
And who what God fortels (who ſpeaks in things
Still louder then in words) ſhall dare deny?
If Nature's arguments appear too weak,
Turn a new leaf, and ſtronger read in man.
If man ſleeps on, untaught by what he ſees,
Can he prove infidel to what he feels?
He, whoſe blind thought futurity denies,
Unconſcious bears, Bellerophon! like thee,
His own indictment; he condemns himſelf;
Who reads his boſom, reads immortal life;
Or Nature there, impoſing on her ſons,
Has written fables: man was made a lie.
Why diſcontent for ever harbour'd there?
Incurable conſumption of our peace!

* Night the Sixth.

Reſolve me why the cottager and king,
He whom ſea-ſever'd realms obey, and he
Who ſteals his whole dominion from the waſte,
Repelling winter blaſts with mud and ſtraw,
Diſquieted alike, draw ſigh for ſigh,
In fate ſo diſtant, in complaint ſo near?
Is it that things terreſtrial can't content?
Deep in rich paſture will thy flocks complain?
Not ſo; but to their maſter is deny'd
To ſhare their ſweet ſerene. Man, ill at eaſe
In this, not his own place, this foreign field,
Where Nature fodders him with other food
Than was ordain'd his cravings to ſuffice,
Poor in abundance, famiſh'd at a feaſt,
Sighs on for ſomething more, when moſt enjoy'd.
Is Heav'n then kinder to thy flocks than thee?
Not ſo; thy paſture richer, but remote;
In part remote; for that remoter part
Man bleats from inſtinct, tho', perhaps, debauch'd
By ſenſe, his reaſon ſleeps, nor dreams the cauſe.
The cauſe how obvious, when his reaſon wakes!
His grief is but his grandeur in diſguiſe,
And diſcontent is immortality.
Shall ſons of Ether, ſhall the blood of Heav'n,
Set up their hopes on earth, and ſtable here,
With brutal acquieſcence in the mire?
Lorenzo! no; they ſhall be nobly pain'd;
The glorious foreigners, diſtreſs'd, ſhall ſigh

On thrones, and thou congratulate the ſigh.
Man's miſery declares him born for bliſs;
His anxious heart aſſerts the truth I ſing,
And gives the ſceptic in his head the lie.

Our heads, our hearts, our paſſions, and our powers,
Speak the ſame language; call us to the ſkies:
Unripen'd theſe, in this inclement clime,
Scarce riſe above conjecture and miſtake;
And for this land of trifles thoſe, too ſtrong,
Tumultuous riſe, and tempeſt human life.
What prize on earth can pay us for the ſtorm?
Meet objects for our paſſions Heav'n ordain'd,
Objects that challenge all their fire, and leave
No fault but in defect. Bleſs'd Heav'n! avert
A bounded ardour for unbounded bliſs!
O for a bliſs unbounded! far beneath
A ſoul immortal is a mortal joy.
Nor are our pow'rs to periſh immature;
But, after feeble effort here, beneath
A brighter ſun, and in a nobler ſoil,
Tranſplanted from this ſublunary bed,
Shall flouriſh fair, and put forth all their bloom.

Reaſon progreſſive, inſtinct is complete;
Swift inſtinct leaps; ſlow Reaſon feebly climbs.
Brutes ſoon their zenith reach; their little all
Flows in at once; in ages they no more
Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.
Were man to live coëval with the ſun,

The patriarch-pupil would be learning ſtill,
Yet, dying, leave his leſſon half-unlearn'd.
Men periſh in advance, as if the ſun
Should ſet ere noon, in eaſtern oceans drown'd;
If ſit with dim illuſtrious to compare,
The ſun's meridian with the ſoul of man.
To man why, ſtepdame Nature! ſo ſevere?
Why thrown aſide thy maſterpiece half-wrought,
While meaner efforts thy laſt hand enjoy?
Or if, abortively, poor man muſt die,
Nor reach what reach he might, why die in dread?
Why curs'd with foreſight? wiſe to miſery?
Why of his proud prerogative the prey?
Why leſs pre-eminent in rank than pain?
His immortality alone can tell,
Full ample fund to balance all amiſs,
And turn the ſcale in favour of the juſt!

His immortality alone can ſolve
That darkeſt of enigmas, human hope,
Of all the darkeſt, if at death we die.
Hope, eager Hope, th' aſſaſſin of our joy,
All preſent bleſſings treading under foot,
Is ſcarce a milder tyrant than Deſpair.
With no paſt toils content, ſtill planning new,
Hope turns us o'er to Death alone for eaſe.
Poſſeſſion why more taſteleſs than purſuit?
Why is a wiſh far dearer than a crown?
That wiſh accompliſh'd, why the grave of bliſs?

Becauſe in the great future bury'd deep,
Beyond our plans of empire and renown,
Lies all that man with ardour ſhould purſue;
And he who made him bent him to the right.
Man's heart th' Almighty to the future ſets,
By ſecret and inviolable ſprings,
And makes his hope his ſublunary joy.
Man's heart eats all things, and is hungry ſtill:
"More, more!" the glutton cries: for ſomething new
So rages appetite. If man can't mount
He will deſcend. He ſtarves on the poſſeſs'd;
Hence the world's maſter, from Ambition's ſpire,
In Caprea plung'd, and div'd beneath the brute.
In that rank ſty why wallow'd Empire's ſon
Supreme? becauſe he could no higher fly:
His riot was Ambition in deſpair.
Old Rome conſulted birds: Lorenzo! thou
With more ſucceſs the flight of Hope ſurvey,
Of reſtleſs Hope, for ever on the wing.
High-perch'd o'er ev'ry thought that falcon ſits,
To fly at all that riſes in her ſight;
And never ſtooping, but to mount again
Next moment, ſhe betrays her aim's miſtake,
And owns her quarry lodg'd beyond the grave.
There ſhould it fail us, (it muſt fail us there,
If being fails) more mournful riddles riſe,
And virtue vies with hope in myſtery.
Why virtue? where its praiſe, its being, fled?

Virtue is true ſelf-intereſt purſu'd:
What true ſelf-intereſt of quite-mortal man?
To cloſe with all that makes him happy here.
If vice (as ſometimes) is our friend on earth,
Then vice is virtue; 'tis our ſov'reign good.
In ſelf-applauſe is virtue's golden prize?
No ſelf-applauſe attends it on thy ſcheme.
Whence ſelf-applauſe? from conſcience of the right;
And what is right but means of happineſs?
No means of happineſs when virtue yields;
That baſis failing, falls the building too,
And lays in ruin ev'ry virtuous joy.
The rigid guardian of a blameleſs heart,
So long rever'd, ſo long reputed wiſe,
Is weak, with rank knight-errantries o'er-run.
Why beats thy boſom with illuſtrious dreams
Of ſelf-expoſure, laudable, and great?
Of gallant enterpriſe, and glorious death?
Die for thy country?—thou romantic fool!
Seize, ſeize the plank thyſelf, and let her ſink.
Thy country! what to thee?—the Godhead, what?
(I ſpeak with awe!) tho' He ſhould bid thee bleed,
If, with thy blood, thy final hope is ſpilt?
Nor can Omnipotence reward the blow:
Be deaf; preſerve thy being; diſobey
Nor is it diſobedience. Know, Lorenzo!
Whate'er th' Almighty's ſubſequent command,
His firſt command is this:—"Man, love thyſelf."

In this alone free agents are not free.
Exiſtence is the baſis, bliſs the prize;
If virtue coſts exiſtence, 'tis a crime,
Bold violation of our law ſupreme,
Black ſuicide, tho' nations, which conſult
Their gain at thy expenſe, reſound applauſe.
Since virtue's recompenſe is doubtful here,
If man dies wholly, well may we demand
Why is man ſuffer'd to be good in vain?
Why to be good in vain is man enjoin'd?
Why to be good in vain is man betray'd?
Betray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breaſt,
By ſweet complacencies from virtue felt?
Why whiſpers Nature lies on Virtue's part?
Or if blind Inſtinct (which aſſumes the name
Of ſacred Conſcience) plays the fool in man,
Why Reaſon made accomplice in the cheat?
Why are the wiſeſt loudeſt in her praiſe?
Can man by reaſon's beam be led aſtray?
Or, at his peril, imitate his God?
Since virtue ſometimes ruins us on earth,
Or both are true, or man ſurvives the grave.
Or man ſurvives the grave, or own, Lorenzo,
Thy boaſt ſupreme a wild abſurdity.
Dauntleſs thy ſpirit, cowards are thy ſcorn.
Grant man immortal, and thy ſcorn is juſt.
The man immortal, rationally brave,
Dares ruſh on death—becauſe he cannot die:

But if man loſes all when life is loſt,
He lives a coward, or a fool expires.
A daring infidel, (and ſuch there are,
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
Or pure heroical deſect of thought)
Of all earth's madmen moſt deſerves a chain.
When to the grave we follow the renown'd
For valour, virtue, ſcience, all we love,
And all we praiſe; for worth whoſe noon-tide beam,
Enabling us to think in higher ſtyle,
Mends our ideas of ethereal powers,
Dream we that luſtre of the moral world
Goes out in ſtench, and rottenneſs the cloſe?
Why was he wiſe to know, and warm to praiſe,
And ſtrenuous to tranſcribe, in human life,
The Mind almighty? Could it be that Fate,
Juſt when the lineaments began to ſhine,
And dawn the Deity, ſhould ſnatch the draught,
With night eternal blot it out, and give
The ſkies alarm, leſt angels too might die?
If human ſouls, why not angelic, too,
Extinguiſh'd, and a ſolitary God,
O'er ghaſtly ruin, frowning from his throne?
Shall we this moment gaze on God in man,
The next loſe man for ever in the duſt?
From duſt we diſengage, or man miſtakes,
And there where leaſt his judgment fears a flaw.
Wiſdom and worth how boldly he commends!

Wiſdom and worth are ſacred names; revet'd
Where not embrac'd; applauded, deify'd!
Why not compaſſion'd too? If ſpirits die,
Both are calamities, inflicted both
To make us but more wretched. Wiſdom's eye
Acute, for what? to ſpy more miſeries;
And worth, ſo recompens'd, new points their ſtings.
Or man ſurmounts the grave, or gain is loſs,
And worth exalted humbles us the more.
Thou wilt not patronize a ſcheme that makes
Weakneſs and vice the refuge of mankind.
"Has virtue, then, no joys?"—Yes, joys dear-bought.
Talk ne'er ſo long, in this imperfect ſtate
Virtue and vice are at eternal war.
Virtue's a combat; and who fights for nought,
Or for precarious, or for ſmall reward?
Who virtue's ſelf-reward ſo loud reſound,
Would take degrees angelic here below,
And virtue, while they compliment, betray
By feeble motives and unfaithful guards.
The crown, th' unfading crown, her ſoul inſpires:
'Tis that, and that alone, can countervail
The body's treach'ries and the world's aſſaults.
On earth's poor pay our famiſh'd virtue dies:
Truth inconteſtable! in ſpite of all
A Bayle has preach'd, or a V——e believ'd.
In man the more we dive, the more we ſee
Heav'n's ſignet ſtamping an immortal make,

Dive to the bottom of his ſoul, the baſe
Suſtaining all, what find we? knowledge, love.
As light and heat, eſſential to the ſun,
Theſe to the ſoul: and why, if ſouls expire?
How little lovely here? how little known?
Small knowledge we dig up with endleſs toil,
And love unfeign'd may purchaſe perfect hate.
Why ſtarv'd, on earth, our angel-appetites,
While brutal are indulg'd their fulſome fill?
Were then capacities divine conferr'd,
As a mock-diadem, in ſavage ſport,
Rank inſult of our pompous poverty,
Which reaps but pain from ſeeming claims ſo fair?
In future age lies no redreſs? and ſhuts
Eternity the door on our complaint?
If ſo, for what ſtrange ends were mortals made?
The worſt to wallow, and the beſt to weep;
The man who merits moſt, muſt moſt complain:
Can we conceive a diſregard in Heav'n
What the worſt perpetrate, or beſt endure?
This cannot be. To love and know, in man
Is boundleſs appetite, and boundleſs pow'r,
And theſe demonſtrate boundleſs objects too.
Objects, pow'rs, appetites, Heav'n ſuits in all,
Nor, Nature through, e'er violates this ſweet
Eternal concord on her tuneful ſtring.
Is man the ſole exception from her laws?
Eternity ſtruck off from human hope,

(I ſpeak with truth, but veneration too)
Man is a monſter, the reproach of Heav'n,
A ſtain, a dark impenetrable cloud
On Nature's beauteous aſpect, and deforms
(Amazing blot!) deforms her with her lord.
If ſuch is man's allotment, what is heav'n?
Or own the ſoul immortal, or blaſpheme.
Or own the ſoul immortal, or invert
All order. Go, Mock-majeſty! go, Man!
And bow to thy ſuperiors of the ſtall,
Thro' ev'ry ſcene of ſenſe ſuperior far:
They graze the turf untill'd, they drink the ſtream
Unbrew'd, and ever full, and unembitter'd
With doubts, fears, fruitleſs hopes, regrets, deſpairs,
Mankind's peculiar! Reaſon's precious dower!
No foreign clime they ranſack for their robes,
Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar;
Their good is good entire, unmix'd, unmarr'd;
They find a paradiſe in ev'ry field,
On boughs forbidden where no curſes hang:
Their ill no more than ſtrikes the ſenſe, unſtretch'd
By previous dread, or murmur in the rear:
When the worſt comes, it comes unfear'd; one ſtroke
Begins and ends their woe: they die but once;
Bleſs'd, incommunicable privilege! for which
Proud man, who rules the globe and reads the ſtars,
Philoſopher or hero, ſighs in vain.
Account for this prerogative in brutes.

No day, no glimpſe of day, to ſolve the knot,
But what beams on it from eternity.
O ſole and ſweet ſolution! that unties
The difficult, and ſoftens the ſevere;
The cloud on Nature's beauteous face diſpels;
Reſtores bright order; caſts the brute beneath,
And reinthrones us in ſupremacy
Of joy, ev'n here. Admit immortal life,
And virtue is knight-errantry no more;
Each virtue brings in hand a golden dower,
Far richer in reverſion: hope exults,
And tho' much bitter in our cup is thrown,
Predominates, and gives the taſte of heav'n.
O wherefore is the Deity ſo kind?
Aſtoniſhing beyond aſtoniſhment!
Heav'n our reward—for heav'n enjoy'd below.

Still unſubdu'd thy ſtubborn heart?—for there
The traitor lurks who doubts the truth I ſing.
Reaſon is guiltleſs; will alone rebels.
What, in that ſtubborn heart, if I ſhould find
New unexpected witneſſes againſt thee?
Ambition, Pleaſure, and the Love of gain!
Canſt thou ſuſpect that theſe, which make the ſoul
The ſlave of earth, ſhould own her heir of heav'n?
Canſt thou ſuſpect what makes us diſbelieve
Our immortality ſhould prove it ſure?

Firſt, then, Ambition ſummon to the bar.
Ambition's ſhame, extravagance, diſguſt,

And inextinguiſhable nature, ſpeak:
Each much depoſes; hear them in their turn.
Thy ſoul, how paſſionately fond of fame!
How anxious that fond paſſion to conceal!
We bluſh, detected in deſigns on praiſe,
Tho' for beſt deeds, and from the beſt of men;
And why? becauſe immortal. Art divine
Has made the body tutor to the ſoul;
Heav'n kindly gives our blood a moral flow,
Bids it aſcend the glowing cheek, and there
Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim
Which ſtoops to court a character from man,
While o'er us, in tremendous judgment, ſit
Far more than man, with endleſs praiſe and blame.
Ambition's boundleſs appetite outſpeaks
The verdict of its ſhame. When ſouls take fire
At high preſumptions of their own deſert,
One age is poor applauſe: the mighty ſhout,
The thunder by the living few begun,
Late Time muſt echo, worlds unborn reſound.
We wiſh our names eternally to live;
Wild dream! which ne'er had haunted human thought,
Had not our natures been eternal too.
Inſtinct points out an int'reſt in hereafter,
But our blind reaſon ſees not where it lies,
Or, ſeeing, gives the ſubſtance for the ſhade.
Fame is the ſhade of immortality,
And in itſelf a ſhadow: ſoon as caught

Contemn'd, it ſhrinks to nothing in the graſp.
Conſult th' ambitious; 'tis ambition's cure.
" And is this all?" cry'd Ceſar, at his height,
Diſguſted. This third proof Ambition brings
Of immortality. The firſt in fame,
Obſerve him near, your envy will abate:
Sham'd at the diſproportion vaſt between
The paſſion and the purchaſe, he will ſigh
At ſuch ſucceſs, and bluſh at his renown.
And why? becauſe far richer prize invites
His heart; far more illuſtrious glory calls;
It calls in whiſpers, yet the deafeſt hear.
And can Ambition a fourth proof ſupply?
It can, and ſtronger than the former three,
Yet quite o'erlook'd by ſome reputed wiſe.
Tho' diſappointments in ambition pain,
And tho' ſucceſs diſguſts, yet ſtill, Lorenzo!
In vain we ſtrive to pluck it from our hearts,
By Nature planted for the nobleſt ends.
Abſurd the fam'd advice to Pyrrhus giv'n,
More prais'd than ponder'd; ſpecious, but unſound:
Sooner that hero's ſword the world had quell'd,
Than reaſon his ambition. Man muſt ſoar;
An obſtinate activity within,
An inſuppreſſive ſpring, will toſs him up
In ſpite of Fortune's load. Not kings alone,
Each villager has his ambition too:
No ſultan prouder than his fetter'd ſlave.

Slaves build their little Babylons of ſtraw,
Echo the proud Aſſyrian in their hearts,
And cry,—"Behold the wonders of my might!"
And why? becauſe immortal as their lord;
And ſouls immortal muſt for ever heave
At ſomething great; the glitter or the gold;
The praiſe of mortals, or the praiſe of Heav'n.
Nor abſolutely vain is human praiſe,
When human is ſupported by divine.
I'll introduce Lorenzo to himſelf;
Pleaſure and Pride (bad maſters!) ſhare our hearts.
As love of pleaſure is ordain'd to guard
And feed our bodies, and extend our race,
The love of praiſe is planted to protect
And propagate the glories of the mind.
What is it, but the love of praiſe, inſpires,
Matures, refines, embelliſhes, exalts,
Earth's happineſs? from that the delicate,
The grand, the marvellous, of civil life,
Want and convenience, under-workers, lay
The baſis on which love of glory builds.
Nor is thy life, O Virtue! leſs in debt
To praiſe, thy ſecret-ſtimulating friend.
Were men not proud, what merit ſhould we miſs!
Pride made the virtues of the Pagan world.
Praiſe is the ſalt that ſeaſons right to man,
And whets his appetite for moral good.
Thirſt of applauſe is Virtue's ſecond guard,

Reaſon her firſt; but reaſon wants an aid;
Our private reaſon is a flatterer;
Thirſt of applauſe calls public judgment in
To poiſe our own, to keep an even ſcale,
And give endanger'd Virtue fairer play.
Here a fifth proof ariſes, ſtronger ſtill.
Why this ſo nice conſtruction of our hearts?
Theſe delicate moralities of ſenſe,
This conſtitutional reſerve of aid
To ſuccour Virtue when our reaſon fails,
If virtue, kept alive by care and toil,
And oft' the mark of injuries on earth,
When labour'd to maturity (its bill
Of diſciplines and pains unpaid) muſt die?
Why freighted rich to daſh againſt a rock?
Were man to periſh when moſt fit to live,
O how miſpent were all theſe ſtratagems,
By ſkill divine inwoven in our frame?
Where are Heav'n's holineſs and mercy fled?
Laughs Heav'n, at once, at virtue and at man?
If not, why that diſcourag'd, this deſtroy'd?
Thus far Ambition: what ſays Avarice?
This her chief maxim, which has long been thine:
"The wiſe and wealthy are the ſame."—I grant it.
To ſtore up treaſure, with inceſſant toil,
This is man's province, this his higheſt praiſe:
To this great end keen Inſtinct ſtings him on:
To guide that inſtinct, Reaſon! is thy charge;

'Tis thine to tell us where true treasure lies;
But Reason, failing to discharge her trust,
Or to the deaf discharging it in vain,
A blunder follows, and blind Industry,
Gall'd by the spur, but stranger to the course,
(The course where stakes of more than gold are won)
Overloading with the cares of distant age
The jaded spirits of the present hour,
Provides for an eternity below.
"Thou shalt not covet;" is a wise command,
But bounded to the wealth the sun surveys.
Look farther, the command stands quite revers'd,
And av'rice is a virtue most divine.
Is faith a refuge for our happiness?
Most sure; and is it not for reason too?
Nothing this world unriddles but the next.
Whence inextinguishable thirst of gain?
From inextinguishable life in man:
Man, if not meant, by worth, to reach the skies,
Had wanted wing to fly so far in guilt.
Sour grapes, I grant, ambition, avarice;
Yet still their root is immortality:
These its wild growths, so bitter and so base,
(Pain and reproach!) religion can reclaim,
Refine, exalt, throw down their pois'nous lee,
And make them sparkle in the bowl of bliss.
See, the third witness laughs at bliss remote,
And falsely promises an Eden here:

Truth ſhe ſhall ſpeak for once, tho' prone to lie,
A common cheat, and Pleaſure is her name.
To Pleaſure never was Lorenzo deaf;
Then hear her now, now firſt thy real friend.
Since Nature made us not more fond than proud
Of happineſs, (whence hypocrites in joy!
Makers of mirth! artificers of ſmiles!)
Why ſhould the joy moſt poignant ſenſe affords
Burn us with bluſhes, and rebuke our pride?—
Thoſe heav'n-born bluſhes tell us man deſcends,
Ev'n in the zenith of his earthly bliſs:
Should Reaſon take her infidel repoſe,
This honeſt inſtinct ſpeaks our lineage high;
This inſtinct calls on darkneſs to conceal
Our rapturous relation to the ſtalls.
Our glory covers us with noble ſhame,
And he that's unconfounded is unmann'd.
The man that bluſhes is not quite a brute.
Thus far with thee, Lorenzo! will I cloſe,
Pleaſure is good, and man for pleaſure made;
But pleaſure full of glory as of joy;
Pleaſure which neither bluſhes nor expires.

The witneſſes are heard, the cauſe is o'er;
Let Conſcience file the ſentence in her court:
Dearer than deeds that half a realm convey,
Thus ſeal'd by Truth th' authentic record runs.
" Know all; know Infidels,—unapt to know!
" 'Tis immortality your nature ſolves;
" 'Tis immortality deciphers man,

" And opens all the myſt'ries of his make:
" Without it half his inſtincts are a riddle;
" Without it all his virtues are a dream:
" His very crimes atteſt his dignity;
" His fateleſs thirſt of pleaſure, gold, and fame,
" Declares him born for bleſſings infinite.
" What leſs than infinite makes unabſurd
" Paſſions, which all on earth but more inflames?
" Fierce paſſions, ſo miſmeaſur'd to this ſcene,
" Stretch'd out, like eagles' wings, beyond our neſt,
" Far, far beyond the worth of all below,
" For earth too large, preſage a nobler flight,
" And evidence our title to the ſkies."

Ye gentle Theologues of calmer kind!
Whoſe conſtitution dictates to your pen,
Who, cold yourſelves, think ardour comes from hell!
Think not our paſſions from corruption ſprung,
Tho' to corruption now they lend their wings:
That is their miſtreſs, not their mother. All
(And juſtly) reaſon deem divine: I ſee,
I feel a grandeur in the paſſions too,
Which ſpeaks their high deſcent and glorious end;
Which ſpeaks them rays of an eternal fire:
In Paradiſe itſelf they burnt as ſtrong
Ere Adam fell, tho' wiſer in their aim.
Like the proud Eaſtern, ſtruck by Providence,
What tho' our paſſions are run mad, and ſtoop,
With low terreſtrial appetite, to graze

On traſh, on toys, dethron'd from high deſire?
Yet ſtill, thro' their diſgrace, no feeble ray
Of greatneſs ſhines, and tells us whence they fell:
But theſe (like that fall'n monarch when reclaim'd)
When reaſon moderates the rein aright,
Shall re-aſcend, remount their former ſphere,
Where once they ſoar'd illuſtrious, ere ſeduc'd,
By wanton Eve's debauch, to ſtroll on earth,
And ſet the ſublunary world on fire.
But grant their frenzy laſts; their frenzy fails
To diſappoint one providential end
For which Heav'n blew up ardour in our hearts.
Were Reaſon ſilent, boundleſs Paſſion ſpeaks
A future ſcene of boundleſs objects too,
And brings glad tidings of eternal day.
Eternal day! 'tis that enlightens all,
And all, by that enlighten'd, proves it ſure.
Conſider man as an immortal being,
Intelligible all, and all is great;
A cryſtalline tranſparency prevails,
And ſtrikes full luſtre thro' the human ſphere:
Conſider man as mortal, all is dark
And wretched; Reaſon weeps at the ſurvey.
The learn'd Lorenzo cries, "And let her weep;
"Weak modern Reaſon: ancient times were wiſe.
"Authority, that venerable guide,
"Stands on my part; the fam'd Athenian Porch
"(And who for wiſdom ſo renown'd as they?)

" Deny'd this immortality to man."
I grant it; but affirm they prov'd it too.
A riddle this!—Have patience; I'll explain.
What noble vanities, what moral flights,
Glitt'ring thro' their romantic wisdom's page,
Make us, at once, despise them and admire!
Fable is flat to these high-season'd Sires;
They leave th' extravagance of song below.
" Flesh shall not feel, or, feeling, shall enjoy
" The dagger or the rack; to them alike
" A bed of roses or the burning bull."
In men exploding all beyond the grave,
Strange doctrine this! as doctrine it was strange,
But not as prophesy; for such it prov'd,
And, to their own amazement, was fulfill'd:
They feign'd a firmness Christians need not feign.
The Christian truly triumph'd in the flame;
The Stoic saw, in double wonder lost,
Wonder at them, and wonder at himself,
To find the bold adventures of his thought
Not bold, and that he strove to lie in vain.
Whence, then, those thoughts? those tow'ring thoughts, that flew
Such monstrous heights?—From instinct and from pride.
The glorious instinct of a deathless soul,
Confus'dly conscious of her dignity,
Suggested truths they could not understand.
In Lust's dominion, and in Passion's storm,

Truth's system broken, scatter'd fragments lay,
As light in chaos, glimm'ring thro' the gloom.
Smit with the pomp of lofty sentiments,
Pleas'd Pride proclaim'd what Reason disbelieved.
Pride, like the Delphic priestess, with a well
Rav'd nonsense, destin'd to be future sense,
When life immortal, in full day, should shine,
And Death's dark shadows fly the Gospel sun.
They spoke what nothing but immortal souls
Could speak; and thus the truth they question'd prov'd.

Can, then, absurdities, as well as crimes,
Speak man immortal? All things speak him so.
Much has been urg'd; and dost thou call for more?
Call, and with endless questions be distress'd,
All unresolvable, if earth is all.

"Why life a moment, infinite desire?
"Our wish eternity, our home the grave?
"Heav'n's promise dormant lies in human hope;
"Who wishes life immortal proves it too.
"Why happiness pursu'd, tho' never found?
"Man's thirst of happiness declares it is,
"(For Nature never gravitates to nought)
"That thirst unquench'd declares it is not here.
"My Lucia, thy Clarissa, call to thought;
"Why cordial friendship riveted so deep,
"As hearts to pierce at first, at parting rend,
"If friend and friendship vanish in an hour?
"Is not this torment in the mask of joy?

" Why by reflection marr'd the joys of sense?
" Why past and future preying on our hearts,
" And putting all our present joys to death?
" Why labours reason? instinct were as well;
" Instinct far better: what can chuse can err.
" O how infallible the thoughtless brute!
" 'Twere well his Holiness were half as sure.
" Reason with inclination why at war?
" Why sense of guilt? why conscience up in arms?"

Conscience of guilt is prophesy of pain,
And bosom counsel to decline the blow.
Reason with inclination ne'er had jarr'd,
If nothing future paid forbearance here.
Thus on—these, and a thousand pleas uncall'd,
All promise, some insure a second scene,
Which, were it doubtful, would be dearer far
Than all things else most certain; were it false,
What truth on earth so precious as the lie?
This world it gives us, let what will ensue;
This world it gives in that high cordial, hope;
The future of the present is the soul.
How this life groans when sever'd from the next?
Poor mutilated wretch that disbelieves!
By dark distrust his being cut in two,
In both parts perishes; life void of joy,
Sad prelude of eternity in pain!

Couldst thou persuade me the next life could fail
Our ardent wishes, how should I pour out

My bleeding heart in anguish, new as deep!
Oh! with what thoughts thy hope, and my despair,
Abhorr'd Annihilation! blasts the soul,
And wide extends the bounds of human woe!
Could I believe Lorenzo's system true,
In this black channel would my ravings run.
" Grief from the future borrow'd peace, ere-while.
" The future vanish'd! and the present pain'd!
" Strange import of unprecedented ill!
" Fall how profound! like Lucifer's the fall!
" Unequal fate! his fall, without his guilt!
" From where fond Hope built her pavilion high,
" The gods among, hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once
" To night! to nothing! darker still than night.
" If 'twas a dream, why wake me my worst foe,
" Lorenzo! boastful of the name of friend!
" O for delusion! O for error still!
" Could vengeance strike much stronger than to plant
" A thinking being in a world like this,
" Not over-rich before, now beggar'd quite,
" More curs'd than at the fall!—The sun goes out!
" The thorns shoot up! what thorns in ev'ry thought!
" Why sense of better? it imbitters worse.
" Why sense? why life? if but to sigh, then sink
" To what I was! twice nothing! and much woe!
" Woe from Heav'n's bounties! woe from what was
" To flatter most, high intellectual powers. [wont
" Thought, virtue, knowledge! blessings, by thy scheme,
" All poison'd into pains. First, knowledge, once

" My ſoul's ambition, now her greateſt dread.
" To know myſelf true wiſdom?—No; to ſhun
" That ſhocking ſcience, parent of Deſpair!
" Avert thy mirror; if I ſee I die.
" Know my Creator? climb his bleſs'd abode
" By painful ſpeculation, pierce the vail,
" Dive in his nature, read his attributes,
" And gaze in admiration—on a foe,
" Obtruding life, with-holding happineſs!
" From the full rivers that ſurround his throne,
" Not letting fall one drop of joy on man;
" Man gaſping for one drop, that he might ceaſe
" To curſe his birth, nor envy reptiles more!
" Ye ſable Clouds! ye darkeſt Shades of night!
" Hide him, for ever hide him, from my thought,
" Once all my comfort, ſource and ſoul of joy!
" Now leagu'd with furies, and with thee*, againſt me.
" Know his achievements? ſtudy his renown?
" Contemplate this amazing univerſe,
" Dropt from his hand, with miracles replete!
" For what? 'mid miracles of nobler name
" To find one miracle of miſery?
" To find the being which alone can know
" And praiſe his works a blemiſh on his praiſe!
" Thro' Nature's ample range, in thought, to ſtroll,
" And ſtart at man, the ſingle mourner there,
" Breathing high hope! chain'd down to pangs and [death?

* Lorenzo.

" Knowing is ſuff'ring: and ſhall Virtue ſhare
" The ſigh of Knowledge?—Virtue ſhares the ſigh.
" By ſtraining up the ſteep of excellent,
" By battles fought, and from temptation won,
" What gains ſhe but the pang of ſeeing worth,
" Angelic worth, ſoon ſhuffled in the dark
" With ev'ry vice, and ſwept to brutal duſt?
" Merit is madneſs, virtue is a crime,
" A crime to reaſon, if it coſts us pain
" Unpaid: what pain, amidſt a thouſand more,
" To think the moſt abandon'd, after days
" Of triumph o'er their betters, find in death
" As ſoft a pillow, nor make fouler clay!
" Duty! religion!—theſe, our duty done,
" Imply reward. Religion is miſtake.
" Duty!—there's none, but to repel the cheat.
" Ye Cheats! away: ye daughters of my pride,
" Who feign yourſelves the fav'rites of the ſkies,
" Ye tow'ring Hopes! abortive energies!
" That toſs and ſtruggle in my lying breaſt,
" To ſcale the ſkies, and build preſumptions there,
" As I were heir of an eternity.
" Vain, vain ambitions! trouble me no more.
" Why travel far in queſt of ſure defeat?
" As bounded as my being be my wiſh.
" All is inverted, wiſdom is a fool.
" Senſe! take the rein; blind Paſſion! drive us on;
" And, Ignorance! befriend us on our way;

" Ye new, but trueſt patrons of our peace!
" Yes; give the pulſe full empire; live the brute,
" Since as the brute we die: the ſum of man,
" Of godlike man! to revel and to rot.
" But not on equal terms with other brutes;
" Their revels a more poignant reliſh yield,
" And ſafer too; they never poiſons chuſe.
" Inſtinct than Reaſon makes more wholeſome meals,
" And ſends all-marring Murmur far away.
" For ſenſual life they beſt philoſophize,
" Theirs that ſerene the ſages ſought in vain:
" 'Tis man alone expoſtulates with Heav'n;
" His all the pow'r, and all the cauſe to mourn.
" Shall human eyes alone diſſolve in tears?
" And bleed in anguiſh none but human hearts?
" The wide-ſtretch'd realm of intellectual woe,
" Surpaſſing ſenſual far, is all our own.
" In life ſo fatally diſtinguiſh'd, why
" Caſt in one lot, confounded, lump'd in death?
" Ere yet in being was mankind in guilt?
" Why thunder'd this peculiar clauſe againſt us,
" All-mortal, and all-wretched!—Have the ſkies
" Reaſons of ſtate their ſubjects may not ſcan,
" Nor humbly reaſon when they ſorely ſigh?
" All-mortal and all-wretched!—'Tis too much,
" Unparalleled in Nature: 'tis too much,
" On being unrequeſted at thy hands,
" Omnipotent! for I ſee nought but power.

" And why ſee that? why thought! To toil and eat,
" Then make our bed in darkneſs, needs no thought.
" What ſuperfluities are reas'ning ſouls!
" Oh give eternity, or thought deſtroy.
" But without thought our curſe were half unfelt;
" Its blunted edge would ſpare the throbbing heart,
" And therefore 'tis beſtow'd. I thank thee, Reaſon!
" For aiding life's too ſmall calamities,
" And giving being to the dread of death.
" Such are thy bounties!—Was it then too much
" For me to treſpaſs on the brutal rights?
" Too much for Heav'n to make one emmet more?
" Too much for Chaos to permit my maſs
" A longer ſtay with eſſences unwrought,
" Unfaſhion'd, untormented into man?
" Wretched preferment to this round of pains!
" Wretched capacity of frenſy, thought!
" Wretched capacity of dying, life!
" Life, thought, worth, wiſdom, all (O foul revolt!)
" Once friends to peace, gone over to the foe.
" Death, then, has chang'd its nature too. O Death!
" Come to my boſom, thou beſt gift of Heav'n!
" Beſt friend of man! ſince man is man no more.
" Why in this throny wilderneſs ſo long,
" Since there's no promis'd land's ambroſial bower
" To pay me with its honey for my ſtings?
" If needful to the ſelfiſh ſchemes of Heav'n

" To ſting us ſore, why mock'd our miſery?
" Why this ſo ſumptuous inſult o'er our heads?
" Why this illuſtrious canopy diſplay'd?
" Why ſo magnificently lodg'd Deſpair?
" At ſtated periods, ſure-returning, roll
" Theſe glorious orbs, that mortals may compute
" Their length of labours and of pains, nor loſe
" Their miſery's full meaſure?—Smiles with flowers
" And fruits, promiſcuous, ever-teeming earth,
" That man may languiſh in luxurious ſcenes,
" And in an Eden mourn his wither'd joys?
" Claim earth and ſkies man's admiration, due
" For ſuch delights! bleſs'd Animals! too wiſe
" To wonder, and too happy to complain!
" Our doom decreed demands a mournful ſcene:
" Why not a dungeon dark for the condemn'd?
" Why not the dragon's ſubterranean den
" For man to howl in? why not his abode
" Of the ſame diſmal colour with his fate?
" A Thebes, a Babylon, at vaſt expenſe
" Of time, toil, treaſure, art, for owls and adders
" As congruous, as for man this lofty dome,
" Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high deſire,
" If, from her humble chamber in the duſt,
" While proud thought ſwells, and high deſire in flames,
" The poor worm calls us for her inmates there,
" And round us Death's inexorable hand
" Draws the dark curtain cloſe, undrawn no more.

" Undrawn, no more!—Behind the cloud of death;
" Once, I beheld a sun, a sun which gilt
" That sable cloud, and turn'd it all to gold.
" How the grave's alter'd, fathomless as hell!
" A real hell to those who dream'd of heav'n.
" Annihilation! how it yawns before me!
" Next moment I may drop from thought, from sense,
" The privilege of angels and of worms,
" An outcast from existence! and this spirit,
" This all-pervading, this all-conscious soul,
" This particle of energy divine,
" Which travels Nature, flies from star to star,
" And visits gods, and emulates their powers,
" For ever is extinguish'd. Horrid! death
" Death of that death I fearless, once, survey'd!—
" When horror universal shall descend,
" And heav'n's dark concave urn all human race,
" On that enormous, unrefunding tomb,
" How just this verse! this monumental sigh!"
' Beneath the lumber of demolish'd worlds,
' Deep in the rubbish of the gen'ral wreck,
' Swept ignominious to the common mass
' Of matter, never dignify'd with life,
' Here lie proud Rationals; the sons of Heav'n!
' The lords of earth! the property of worms!
' Beings of yesterday, and no to-morrow!
' Who liv'd in terror, and in pangs expir'd!
' All gone to rot in chaos, or to make

'Their happy transit into blocks or brutes,
'Nor longer fully their Creator's name.'

Lorenzo! here, pause, ponder, and pronounce.
Just is this history? If such is man,
Mankind's historian, tho' divine, might weep,
And dares Lorenzo smile!—I know thee proud;
For once let pride befriend thee; Pride looks pale
At such a scene, and sighs for something more.
Amid thy boasts, presumptions, and displays,
And art thou then a shadow? less than shade?
A nothing? less than nothing? To have been,
And not to be, is lower than unborn.
Art thou ambitious? why then make the worm
Thine equal? Ruins, thy taste of pleasure high?
Why patronize sure death of ev'ry joy?
Charm riches? why chuse beggary in the grave,
Of ev'ry hope a bankrupt! and for ever?
Ambition, Pleasure, Avarice, persuade thee
To make that world of glory, raptures, wealth,
They lately prov'd*, thy soul's supreme desire?

What art thou made of? rather, how unmade?
Great Nature's master-appetite destroy'd,
Is endless life and happiness despis'd?
Or both wish'd here, where neither can be found?
Such man's perverse, eternal war with Heav'n!
Dar'st thou persist? and is there nought on earth
But a long train of transitory forms,

* In the Sixth Night.

Riſing and breaking millions in an hour?
Bubbles of a fantaſtic deity, blown up
In ſport, and then in cruelty deſtroy'd?
Oh! for what crime, unmerciful Lorenzo!
Deſtroys thy ſcheme the whole of human race?
Kind is fell Lucifer compar'd to thee.
Oh! ſpare this waſte of being half-divine,
And vindicate th' economy of Heav'n.

Heav'n is all love, all joy in giving joy;
It never had created but to bleſs;
And ſhall it then ſtrike off the liſt of life
A being bleſs'd, or worthy ſo to be?
Heav'n ſtarts at an annihilating God.

Is that all Nature ſtarts at thy deſire?
Art ſuch a clod to wiſh thyſelf all clay?
What is that dreadful wiſh?—— the dying groan
Of Nature, murder'd by the blackeſt guilt.
What deadly poiſon has thy nature drank?
To Nature, undebauch'd, no ſhock ſo great.
Nature's firſt wiſh is endleſs happineſs;
Annihilation is an after-thought,
A monſtrous wiſh, unborn till Virtue dies.
And, oh! what depth of horror lies inclos'd!
For non-exiſtence no man ever wiſh'd,
But firſt he wiſh'd the Deity deſtroy'd.

If ſo, what words are dark enough to draw
Thy picture true? the darkeſt are too fair.
Beneath what baleful planet, in what hour

Of desperation, by what fury's aid,
In what infernal posture of the soul,
All hell invited, and all hell in joy,
At such a birth, a birth so near of kin,
Did thy foul fancy whelp so black a scheme
Of hopes abortive, faculties half-blown,
And deities begun, reduc'd to dust?

There's nought (thou say'st) but one eternal flux
Of feeble essences, tumultuous driven
Thro' time's rough billows into night's abyss.
Say, in this rapid tide of human ruin,
Is there no rock on which man's tossing thought
Can rest from terror, dare his fate survey,
And boldly think it something to be born?
Amid such hourly wrecks of being fair,
Is there no central, all-sustaining base,
All-realizing, all-connecting power,
Which, as it call'd forth all things, can recall,
And force Destruction to refund her spoil?
Command the grave restore her taken prey?
Bid death's dark vale its human harvest yield?
And earth and ocean pay their debt of man,
True to the grand deposit trusted there?
Is there no potentate, whose outstretch'd arm,
When rip'ning time calls forth th' appointed hour,
Pluck'd from foul Devastation's famish'd maw,
Binds present, past, and future, to his throne?
His throne how glorious! thus divinely grac'd

By germinating beings cluſt'ring round!
A garland worthy the Divinity.
A throne by Heav'n's omnipotence in ſmiles,
Built (like a Pharos tow'ring in the waves)
Amidſt immenſe effuſions of his love!
An ocean of communicated bliſs!

An all-prolific, all-preſerving God!
This were a God indeed.—And ſuch is man,
As here preſum'd; he riſes from his fall.
Think'ſt thou Omnipotence a naked root,
Each bloſſom fair of Deity deſtroy'd?
Nothing is dead; nay, nothing ſleeps; each ſoul,
That ever animated human clay,
Now wakes, is on the wing: and where, O where,
Will the ſwarm ſettle?—When the trumpet's call,
As ſounding braſs, collects us, round heav'n's throne
Conglob'd, we baſk in everlaſting day,
(Paternal ſplendour!) and adhere for ever.
Had not the ſoul this outlet to the ſkies,
In this vaſt veſſel of the univerſe
How ſhould we gaſp, as in an empty void!
How in the pangs of famiſh'd hope expire!

How bright my proſpect ſhines! how gloomy thine!
A trembling world! and a devouring God!
Earth but the ſhambles of Omnipotence!
Heav'n's face all ſtain'd with cauſeleſs maſſacres
Of countleſs millions, born to feel the pang
Of being loſt. Lorenzo! can it be?

This bids us ſhudder at the thoughts of life.
Who would be born to ſuch a phantom world,
Where nought ſubſtantial but our miſery?
Where joy (if joy) but heightens our diſtreſs,
So ſoon to periſh, and revive no more?
The greater ſuch a joy, the more it pains.
A world ſo far from great (and yet how great
It ſhines to thee!) there's nothing real in it;
Being a ſhadow; conſciouſneſs a dream:
A dream how dreadful! univerſal blank
Before it and behind! poor man a ſpark
From non-exiſtence ſtruck by wrath divine,
Glitt'ring a moment; nor that moment ſure,
'Midſt upper, nether, and ſurrounding night,
His ſad, ſure, ſudden, and eternal tomb!
Lorenzo! doſt thou feel theſe arguments?
Or is there nought but vengeance can be felt?
How haſt thou dar'd the Deity dethrone?
How dar'd indict him of a world like this?
If ſuch the world, creation was a crime;
For what is crime but cauſe of miſery?
Retract, Blaſphemer! and unriddle this,
Of endleſs arguments above, below,
Without us, and within, the ſhort reſult—
"If man's immortal, there's a God in heav'n."
But wherefore ſuch redundancy? ſuch waſte
Of argument? one ſets my ſoul at reſt;
One obvious, and at hand, and, oh! at heart.

So just the skies, Philander's life so pain'd,
His heart so pure, that or succeeding scenes
Have palms to give, or ne'er had he been born.
"What an old tale is this!" Lorenzo cries.
I grant this argument is old; but truth
No years impair; and had not this been true,
Thou never hadst despis'd it for its age.
Truth is immortal as thy soul, and fable
As fleeting as thy joys. Be wise, nor make
Heav'n's highest blessing vengeance. O be wise!
Nor make a curse of immortality.

Say, know'st thou what it is, or what thou art?
Know'st thou the importance of a soul immortal?
Behold this midnight glory: worlds on worlds!
Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze;
Ten thousand add; add twice ten thousand more;
Then weigh the whole; one soul outweighs them all,
And calls th' astonishing magnificence
Of unintelligent creation poor.

For this believe not me; no man believe;
Trust not in words, but deeds; and deeds no less
Than those of the Supreme, not his a few:
Consult them all; consulted, all proclaim
Thy soul's importance. Tremble at thyself,
For whom Omnipotence has wak'd so long;
Has wak'd, and work'd, for ages, from the birth
Of Nature to this unbelieving hour.
In this small province of his vast domain,

(All Nature bow while I pronounce his name!)
What has God done, and not for this ſole end,
To reſcue ſouls from death? The ſoul's high price
Is writ in all the conduct of the ſkies.
The ſoul's high price is the creation's key,
Unlocks its myſteries, and naked lays
The genuine cauſe of ev'ry deed divine:
That is the chain of ages which maintains
Their obvious correſpondence, and unites
Moſt diſtant periods in one bleſs'd deſign:
That is the mighty hinge on which have turn'd
All revolutions, whether we regard
The nat'ral, civil, or religious world,
The former two but ſervants to the third:
To that their duty done, they both expire,
Their maſs new-caſt, forgot their deeds renown'd,
And angels aſk, "Where once they ſhone ſo fair?"
To lift us from this abject to ſublime;
This flux to permanent; this dark to day;
This foul to pure; this turbid to ſerene;
This mean to mighty!—for this glorious end
Th'Almighty, riſing, his long ſabbath broke!
The world was made, was ruin'd, was reſtor'd;
Laws from the ſkies were publiſh'd, were repeal'd;
On earth kings, kingdoms, roſe; kings, kingdoms, fell;
Fam'd ſages lighted up the Pagan world;
Prophets from Sion darted a keen glance
Thro' diſtant age; ſaints travell'd, martyrs bled;

By wonders ſacred Nature ſtood controll'd;
The living were tranſlated; dead were rais'd;
Angels, and more than angels, came from heav'n;
And, oh! for this deſcended lower ſtill;
Gilt was hell's gloom; aſtoniſh'd at his gueſt,
For one ſhort moment Lucifer ador'd.
Lorenzo! and wilt thou do leſs?—For this
That hallow'd page, fools ſcoff at, was inſpir'd,
Of all theſe truths thrice-venerable code!
Deiſts! perform your quarantine, and then
Fall proſtrate ere you touch it, leſt you die.
Nor leſs intenſely bent infernal powers
To mar, than thoſe of light this end to gain.
O what a ſcene is here!—Lorenzo! wake!
Riſe to the thought; exert, expand thy ſoul
To take the vaſt idea; it denies
All elſe the name of great. Two warring worlds,
Not Europe againſt Afric; warring worlds!
Of more than mortal! mounted on the wing!
On ardent wings of energy and zeal,
High-hov'ring o'er this little brand of ſtrife!
This ſublunary ball.—But ſtrife, for what?
In their own cauſe conflicting? no; in thine,
In man's. His ſingle int'reſt blows the flame;
His the ſole ſtake; his fate the trumpet ſounds
Which kindles war immortal. How it burns!
Tumultuous ſwarms of deities in arms!
Force force oppoſing, till the waves run high,

And tempeſt Nature's univerſal ſphere.
Such oppoſites eternal, ſtedfaſt, ſtern,
Such foes implacable are good and ill;
Yet man, vain man, would mediate peace between them.

Think not this fiction. "There was war in heav'n."
From heav'n's high cryſtal mountain, where it hung,
Th' Almighty's outſtretch'd arm took down his bow,
And ſhot his indignation at the deep:
Re-thunder'd Hell, and darted all her fires.——
And ſeems the ſtake of little moment ſtill?
And ſlumbers man, who ſingly caus'd the ſtorm?
He ſleeps.——And art thou ſhock'd at myſteries?
The greateſt thou. How dreadful to reflect
What ardour, care, and counſel, mortals cauſe
In breaſts divine! how little in their own!

Where'er I turn, how new proofs pour upon me!
How happily this wondrous view ſupports
My former argument! how ſtrongly ſtrikes
Immortal life's full demonſtration here!
Why this exertion? why this ſtrange regard
From heav'n's Omnipotent indulg'd to man?——
Becauſe in man the glorious, dreadful power,
Extremely to be pain'd, or bleſs'd for ever,
Duration gives importance, ſwells the price.
An angel, if a creature of a day,
What would he be? a triſle of no weight;
Or ſtand or fall, no matter which, he's gone,
Becauſe immortal, therefore is indulg'd

This ſtrange regard of deities to duſt.
Hence Heav'n looks down on earth with all her eyes;
Hence the ſoul's mighty moment in her ſight;
Hence ev'ry ſoul has partizans above,
And ev'ry thought a critic in the ſkies:
Hence clay, vile clay! has angels for its guard,
And ev'ry guard a paſſion for his charge;
Hence, from all age, the cabinet divine
Has held high counſel o'er the fate of man.

Nor have the clouds thoſe gracious counſels hid;
Angels undrew the curtain of the throne,
And Providence came forth to meet mankind:
In various modes of emphaſis and awe
He ſpoke his will, and trembling Nature heard;
He ſpoke it loud, in thunder, and in ſtorm:
Witneſs thou, Sinai! whoſe cloud-cover'd height,
And ſhaken baſis, own'd the preſent God:
Witneſs, ye Billows! whoſe returning tide,
Breaking the chain that faſten'd it in air,
Swept Egypt and her menaces to hell:
Witneſs, ye Flames! th' Aſſyrian tyrant blew
To ſev'nfold rage, as impotent as ſtrong:
And thou, Earth! witneſs, whoſe expanding jaws
Clos'd o'er Preſumption's ſacrilegious ſons*;
Has not each element, in turn, ſubſcrib'd
The ſoul's high price, and ſworn it to the wiſe?
Has not flame, ocean, ether, earthquake, ſtrove

* Korah, &c.

To strike this truth thro' adamantine man?
If not all adamant, Lorenzo! hear;
All is delusion; Nature is wrapt up
In tenfold night, from Reason's keenest eye:
There's no consistence, meaning, plan, or end,
In all beneath the sun, in all above,
(As far as man can penetrate) or heaven
Is an immense, inestimable prize:
Or all is nothing, or that prize is all.——
And shall each toy be still a match for heaven,
And full equivalent for groans below?
Who would not give a trifle to prevent
What he would give a thousand worlds to cure?
Lorenzo! thou hast seen (if thine to see)
All Nature and her God (by Nature's routine,
And Nature's course controll'd) declare for me.
The skies above proclaim "immortal man!"
And "man immortal!" all below resounds.
The world's a system of theology,
Read by the greatest strangers to the schools;
If honest, learn'd, and sages o'er a plough.
Is not, Lorenzo! then, impos'd on thee
This hard alternative, of to renounce
Thy reason and thy sense, or to believe?
What then is unbelief? 'tis an exploit,
A strenuous enterprise; to gain it man
Must burst thro' every bar of common sense,
Of common shame, magnanimously wrong;

And what rewards the ſturdy combatant?
His prize repentance; infamy his crown.
But wherefore infamy?—for want of faith
Down the ſteep precipice of wrong he ſlides;
There's nothing to ſupport him in the right.
Faith in the future wanting is, at leaſt
In embryo, ev'ry weakneſs, ev'ry guilt,
And ſtrong temptation ripens it to birth.
If this life's gain invites him to the deed,
Why not his country ſold, his father ſlain?
'Tis virtue to purſue our good ſupreme;
And his ſupreme; his only good, is here.
Ambition, av'rice, by the wiſe diſdain'd,
Is perfect wiſdom while mankind are fools,
And think a turf or tombſtone covers all
Theſe find employment, and provide for ſenſe
A richer paſture and a larger range;
And ſenſe, by right divine, aſcends the throne.
When virtue's prize and proſpect are no more,
Virtue no more we think the will of Heaven.
Would Heav'n quite beggar Virtue if belov'd?
"Has Virtue charms?"—I grant her heav'nly fair;
But if unportion'd, all will Int'reſt wed,
Tho' that our admiration, this our choice.
The virtues grow on immortality;
That root deſtroy'd, they wither and expire.
A Deity believ'd will nought avail;
Rewards and puniſhments make God ador'd,

And hopes and fears give Conſcience all her power.
As in the dying parent dies the child,
Virtue with immortality expires.
Who tells me he denies his ſoul immortal,
Whate'er his boaſt, has told me he's a knave.
His duty 'tis to love himſelf alone,
Nor care tho' mankind periſh if he ſmiles.
Who thinks ere long the man ſhall wholly die,
Is dead already; nought but brute ſurvives.

And are there ſuch?—Such candidates there are
For more than death; for utter loſs of being,
Being, the baſis of the Deity!
Aſk you the cauſe?—the cauſe they will not tell;
Nor need they. Oh the ſorceries of ſenſe!
They work this transformation on the ſoul,
Diſmount her like the ſerpent at the fall,
Diſmount her from her native wing (which ſoar'd
Ere-while ethereal heights) and throw her down
To lick the duſt, and crawl in ſuch a thought.

Is it in words to paint you? O ye Fall'n!
Fall'n from the wings of reaſon and of hope!
Erect in ſtature, prone in appetite!
Patrons of pleaſure, poſting into pain!
Lovers of argument, averſe to ſenſe!
Boaſters of liberty, faſt-bound in chains!
Lords of the wide creation, and the ſhame!
More ſenſeleſs than th' irrationals you ſcorn!
More baſe than thoſe you rule! than thoſe you pity

Far more undone! O ye most infamous
Of beings, from superior dignity
Deepest in woe from means of boundless bliss!
Ye curs'd, by blessings infinite! because
Most highly favour'd, most profoundly lost!
Ye motley mass of contradiction strong!
And are you, too, convinc'd your souls fly off
In exhalation soft, and die in air,
From the full flood of evidence against you?
In the coarse drudgeries and sinks of sense,
Your souls have quite worn out the make of Heav'n,
By vice new-cast, and creatures of your own!
But tho' you can deform, you can't destroy:
To curse, not uncreate, is all your power.
Lorenzo! this black brotherhood renounce;
Renounce St. Evremond, and read St. Paul:
Ere rapt by miracle, by reason wing'd,
His mounting mind made long abode in heav'n.
This is free-thinking, unconfin'd to parts,
To send the soul, on curious travel bent,
Thro' all the provinces of human thought;
To dart her flight thro' the whole sphere of man;
Of this vast universe to make the tour;
In each recess of space and time at home,
Familiar with their wonders; diving deep;
And, like a prince of boundless int'rests there,
Still most ambitious of the most remote;
To look on truth unbroken and entire;

Truth in the ſyſtem, the full orb, where truths
By truths enlighten'd and ſuſtain'd, afford
An arch-like, ſtrong foundation, to ſupport
Th' incumbent weight of abſolute, complete
Conviction: here, the more we preſs, we ſtand
More firm: who moſt examine, moſt believe.
Parts, like half-ſentences, confound; the whole
Conveys the ſenſe, and God is underſtood;
Who not in fragments writes to human race:
Read his whole volume, Sceptic! then reply.
This, this is thinking free, a thought that graſps
Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour.
Turn up thine eye, ſurvey this midnight ſcene;
What are earth's kingdoms to yon' boundleſs orbs,
Of human ſouls, one day, the deſtin'd range?
And what yon' boundleſs orbs to godlike man?
Thoſe num'rous worlds that throng the firmament,
And aſk more ſpace in heav'n, can roll at large
In man's capacious thought, and ſtill leave room
For ampler orbs, for new creations there.
Can ſuch a ſoul contract itſelf, to gripe
A point of no dimenſion, of no weight?
It can; it does: the world is ſuch a point;
And of that point how ſmall a part enſlaves!
How ſmall a part——of nothing, ſhall I ſay?
Why not?——Friends, our chief treaſure! how they drop!
Lucia, Narciſſa fair, Philander, gone!
The grave, like fabled Cerberus, has op'd

A triple mouth, and in an awful voice,
Loud calls my ſoul, and utters all I ſing.
How the world falls to pieces round about us,
And leaves us in a ruin of our joy!
What ſays this tranſportation of my friends?
It bids me love the place where now they dwell,
And ſcorn this wretched ſpot they leave ſo poor.
Eternity's vaſt ocean lies before thee;
There, there, Lorenzo! thy Clariſſa ſails.
Give thy mind ſea-room; keep it wide of earth,
That rock of ſouls immortal; cut thy cord;
Weigh anchor; ſpread thy ſails; call ev'ry wind,
Eye thy Great Pole-ſtar; make the land of Life.
Two kinds of life has double-natur'd man,
And two of death; the laſt far more ſevere.
Life animal is nurtur'd by the ſun,
Thrives on his bounties, triumphs in his beams:
Life rational ſubſiſts on higher food,
Triumphant in his beams who made the day:
When we leave that ſun, and are left by this,
(The fate of all who die in ſtubborn guilt),
'Tis utter darkneſs; ſtrictly double death.
We ſink by no judicial ſtroke of Heav'n,
But Nature's courſe, as ſure as plumbets fall.
Since God or man muſt alter ere they meet,
(Since light and darkneſs blend not in one ſphere)
'Tis manifeſt, Lorenzo! who muſt change.
If, then, that double death ſhould prove thy lot,

Blame not the bowels of the Deity;
Man ſhall be bleſs'd, as far as man permits.
Not man alone, all rationals Heav'n arms
With an illuſtrious, but tremendous power,
To counteract its own moſt gracious ends,
And this of ſtrict neceſſity, not choice;
That pow'r deny'd, men, angels, were no more
But paſſive engines, void of praiſe or blame.
A nature rational implies the power
Of being bleſs'd or wretched as we pleaſe,
Elſe idle Reaſon would have nought to do,
And he that would be barr'd capacity
Of pain, courts incapacity of bliſs.
Heav'n wills our happineſs, allows our doom;
Invites us ardently, but not compels;
Heav'n but perſuades, almighty man decrees.
Man is the maker of immortal fate.
Man falls by man, if finally he falls;
And fall he muſt, who learns from death alone
The dreadful ſecret,—that he lives for ever.
Why this to thee?—thee yet, perhaps, in doubt
Of ſecond life? but wherefore doubtful ſtill?
Eternal life is Nature's ardent wiſh:
What ardently we wiſh we ſoon believe:
Thy tardy faith declares that wiſh deſtroy'd:
What has deſtroy'd it?—ſhall I tell thee what?
When fear'd the future, 'tis no longer wiſh'd;
And when unwiſh'd, we ſtrive to diſbelieve.

" Thus infidelity our guilt betrays."
Nor that the sole detection I Blush, Lorenzo!
Blush for hypocrisy, if not for guilt.
The future fear'd?—An infidel, and fear?
Fear what? a dream! a fable!—How thy dread,
Unwilling evidence, and therefore strong,
Affords my cause an undesign'd support!
How Disbelief affirms what it depies!
" It, unawares, asserts immortal life."
Surprising! Infidelity turns out
A creed and a confession of our sins.
Apostates, thus, are orthodox divines.
Lorenzo! with Lorenzo dash no more,
Nor longer a transparent vizor wear.
Think'st thou Religion only has her mobs?
Our infidels are Satan's hypocrites.
Pretend the worst, and at the bottom fail.
When visited by thought (thought will intrude)
Like him they serve, they tremble, and believe.
Is there hypocrisy so foul as this?
So fatal to the welfare of the world?
What detestation, what contempt, their due!
And, if unpaid, be thank'd for their escape!
That Christian candour they strive hard to scorn.
If not for that asylum, they might find
A hell on earth, nor 'scape a worse below.

With insolence and impotence of thought,
Instead of racking fancy to refute,
Reform thy manners, and the truth enjoy.—

But ſhall I dare confeſs the dire reſult?
Can thy proud reaſon brook ſo black a brand?
From purer manners to ſublimer faith,
Is Nature's unavoidable aſcent.
An honeſt Deiſt, where the Goſpel ſhines,
Matur'd to nobler, in the Chriſtian ends.
When that bleſs'd change arrives, e'en caſt aſide
This ſong ſuperfluous: life immortal ſtrikes
Conviction in a flood of light divine.
A Chriſtian dwells, like Uriel *, in the ſun;
Meridian evidence puts doubt to flight,
And ardent hope anticipates the ſkies.
Of that bright ſun, Lorenzo! ſcale the ſphere:
'Tis eaſy; it invites thee; it deſcends
From heav'n to wooe and waft thee whence it came.
Read and revere the ſacred page, a page
Where triumphs immortality; a page
Which not the whole creation could produce;
Which not the conflagration ſhall deſtroy:
'Tis printed in the mind of gods for ever,
In Nature's ruins not one letter loſt.
In proud diſdain of what e'en gods adore,
Doſt ſmile?—Poor wretch! thy guardian angel weeps.
Angels and men aſſent to what I ſing;
Wits ſmile, and thank me for my midnight dream.
How vicious hearts fume frenzy to the brain!
Parts puſh us on to pride, and pride to ſhame:

* Milton.

Pert Infidelity is Wit's cockade,
To grace the brazen brow that braves the skies,
By loss of being dreadfully secure.
Lorenzo! if thy doctrine wins the day,
And drives my dreams defeated from the field;
If this is all, if earth a final scene,
Take heed; stand fast; be sure to be a knave;
A knave in grain! ne'er deviate to the right.
Shouldst thou be good—how infinite thy loss!
Guilt only makes annihilation gain.
Bless'd scheme! which life deprives of comfort, death
Of hope, and which vice only recommends.
If so, where, Infidels! your bait thrown out
To catch weak converts? where your lofty boast
Of zeal for virtue, and of love to man?
Annihilation! I confess in these.

What can reclaim you? dare I hope profound
Philosphers the converts of a song?
Yet know its title* flatters you, not me.
Your's be the praise to make my title good;
Mine to bless Heav'n, and triumph in your praise.
But since so pestilential your disease,
Tho' sov'reign is the med'cine I prescribe,
As yet I'll neither triumph nor despair,
But hope, ere long, my midnight dream will wake
Your hearts, and teach your wisdom—to be wise:
For why should souls immortal, made for bliss,
E'er wish (and wish in vain!) that souls could die?

* The Infidel Reclaimed.

What ne'er can die, oh! grant to live, and crown
The wish, and aim, and labour, of the skies;
Increase, and enter on the joys of heav'n:
Thus shall my title pass a sacred seal,
Receive an Imprimatur from above,
While angels shout—An Infidel Reclaim'd!
To close, Lorenzo! spite of all my pains,
Still seems it strange that thou shouldst live for ever?
Is it less strange that thou shouldst live at all?
This is a miracle, and that no more.
Who gave beginning can exclude an end.
Deny thou art, then doubt if thou shalt die.
A miracle with miracles inclos'd
Is man! and starts his faith at what is strange?
What less than wonders from the wonderful?
What less than miracles from God can flow?
Admit a God—that mystery supreme!
That cause uncaus'd! all other wonders cease:
Nothing is marvellous for him to do:
Deny him—all is mystery besides;
Millions of mysteries! each darker far
Than that thy wisdom would, unwisely, shun!
If weak thy faith, why chuse the harder side?
We nothing know but what is marvellous;
Yet what is marvellous we can't believe.
So weak our reason, and so great our God,
What most surprises in the sacred page,
Or full as strange, or stranger, must be true.
Faith is not reason's labour, but repose.

To faith and virtue why ſo backward, man?
From hence;—the preſent ſtrongly ſtrikes us all,
The future faintly: can we, then, be men?
If men, Lorenzo! the reverſe is right.
Reaſon is man's peculiar; ſenſe the brute's.
The preſent is the ſcanty realm of Senſe;
The future Reaſon's empire unconfin'd:
On that expending all her godlike power,
She plans, provides, expatiates, triumphs, there;
There builds her bleſſings! there expects her praiſe;
And nothing aſks of Fortune or of men.
And what is Reaſon? be ſhe thus defin'd;
Reaſon is upright ſtature in the ſoul.
Oh! be a man,—and ſtrive to be a god.
"For what? (thou ſay'ſt) to damp the joys of life!"
No; to give heart and ſubſtance to thy joys.
That tyrant, Hope, mark how ſhe domineers;
She bids us quit realities for dreams,
Safety and peace for hazard and alarm.
That tyrant o'er the tyrants of the ſoul,
She bids Ambition quit its taken prize,
Spurn the luxuriant branch on which it ſits
Tho' bearing crowns, to ſpring at diſtant game,
And plunge in toils and dangers—for repoſe.
If hope precarious, and of things, when gain'd,
Of little moment, and as little ſtay,
Can ſweeten toils and dangers into joys,
What then that hope which nothing can defeat,

Our leave unask'd? rich hope of boundless bliss!
Bliss paulman's powr to paint it, time's to close!
This hope is earth's most estimable prize;
This is man's portion, while no more than man:
Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here;
Passions of prouder name befriend us less.
Joy has her tears, and Transport has her death:
Hope, like a cordial, innocent, tho' strong,
Man's heart, at once, inspirits and serenes,
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys:
'Tis all our present state can safely bear,
Health to the frame! and vigour to the mind!
A joy attemper'd in chastis'd delight!
Like the fair summer-evening, mild, and sweet!
'Tis man's full cup, his paradise below!
A bless'd hereafter, then, or hop'd or gain'd,
Is all,—our whole of happiness: full proof
I chose no trivial or inglorious theme.
And know, ye Muses to song! (well-meaning men,
Tho' quite forgotten * half your Bible's praise!)
Important truths, in spite of verse, may please:
Grave minds you praise, nor can you praise too much:
If there is weight in an eternity,
Let the grave listen,—and be graver still.

* The poetical parts of it.

End of Night Seventh.

THE COMPLAINT.

NIGHT VIII.

VIRTUE'S APOLOGY:

OR, THE

MAN OF THE WORLD ANSWERED.

In which are conſidered,

THE LOVE OF THIS LIFE; THE AMBITION AND PLEASURE, WITH THE WIT AND WISDOM, OF THE WORLD.

And has all Nature, then, eſpous'd my part?
Have I brib'd Heav'n and Earth to plead againſt thee?
And is thy ſoul immortal?—What remains?
All, all, Lorenzo!—make immortal bleſs'd.
Unbleſs'd immortals!—what can ſhock us more?
And yet Lorenzo ſtill affects the world;
There ſtows his treaſure; thence his title draws,
Man of the World! (for ſuch wouldſt thou be call'd)
And art thou proud of that inglorious ſtyle?
Proud of reproach? for a reproach it was,
In ancient days, and Chriſtian,—in an age
When men were men, and not aſham'd of Heav'n,
Fir'd their ambition, as it crown'd their joy.
Sprinkled with dews from the Caſtalian font,
Fain would I rebaptize thee, and confer
A purer ſpirit, and a nobler name.

Thy fond attachments, fatal and inflam'd,
Point out my path, and dictate to my ſong.
To thee the world how fair! how ſtrongly ſtrikes
Ambition! and gay Pleaſure ſtronger ſtill!
Thy triple bane! the triple bolt that lays
Thy virtue dead! be theſe my triple theme;
Nor ſhall thy wit or wiſdom be forgot.

Common the theme, not ſo the ſong, if ſhe
My ſong invokes, Urania! deigns to ſmile.
The charm that chains us to the world, her foe,
If ſhe diſſolves, the man of earth, at once,
Starts from his trance, and ſighs for other ſcenes;
Scenes where theſe ſparks of night, theſe ſtars, ſhall ſhine
Unnumber'd ſuns (for all things, as they are,
The bleſs'd behold) and, in one glory, pour
Their blended blaze on man's aſtoniſh'd ſight;
A blaze—the leaſt illuſtrious object there.

Lorenzo! ſince eternal is at hand,
To ſwallow time's ambitions, as the vaſt
Leviathan the bubbles vain that ride
High on the foaming billow, what avail
High titles, high deſcent, attainments high,
If unattain'd our higheſt? O Lorenzo!
What lofty thoughts, theſe elements above,
What tow'ring hopes, what ſallies from the ſun,
What grand ſurveys of deſtiny divine,
And pompous preſage of unfathom'd fate,
Should roll in boſoms where a ſpirit burns,

Bound for eternity! in bosoms read
By him who foibles in archangels sees!
On human hearts he bends a jealous eye,
And marks, and in heav'n's register enrolls,
The rise and progress of each option there;
Sacred to Doomsday! that the page unfolds,
And spreads us to the gaze of gods and men.

And what an option, O Lorenzo! thine?
This world and this, unrival'd by the skies!
A world where lust of pleasure, grandeur, gold,
Three demons that divide its realms between them,
With strokes alternate buffet to and fro
Man's restless heart, their sport, their flying ball,
Till, with the giddy circle sick and tir'd,
It pants for peace, and drops into despair.
Such is the world Lorenzo sets above
That glorious promise angels were esteem'd
Too mean to bring; a promise their Ador'd
Descended to communicate, and press,
By counsel, miracle, life, death, oh man!
Such is the world Lorenzo's wisdom wooes,
And on its thorny pillow seeks repose;
A pillow which, like opiates ill-prepar'd,
Intoxicates, but not composes; fills
The visionary mind with gay chimeras,
All the wild trash of sleep, without the rest:
What unfeign'd travel, and what dreams of joy!
How frail men, things! how momentary both!

Fantaſtic chaſe of ſhadows hunting ſhades!
The gay, the buſy, equal, tho' unlike;
Equal in wiſdom, differently wiſe!
Thro' flow'ry meadows, and thro' dreary waſtes,
One buſtling, and one dancing, into death.
There's not a day but, to the man of thought,
Betrays ſome ſecret that throws new reproach
On life, and makes him ſick of ſeeing more.
The ſcenes of buſ'neſs tell us—"What are men;"
The ſcenes of pleaſure—"What is all beſide:"
There others we deſpiſe; and here ourſelves.
Amid diſguſt eternal dwells delight?
'Tis approbation ſtrikes the ſtring of joy.

What wondrous prize has kindled this career,
Stuns with the din, and chokes us with the duſt,
On life's gay ſtage, one inch above the grave?
The proud run up and down in queſt of eyes;
The ſenſual in purſuit of ſomething worſe;
The grave of gold; the politic of power;
And all of other butterflies as vain!
As eddies draw things frivolous and light,
How is man's heart by vanity drawn in!
On the ſwift circle of returning toys
Whirl'd, ſtraw-like, round and round, and then in-[gulf'd,
Where gay deluſion darkens to deſpair!

"This is a beaten track."—Is this a track
Should not be beaten? never beat enough,
Till enough learn'd the truths it would inſpire.

Shall Truth be ſilent, becauſe Folly frowns?
Turn the world's hiſtory, what find we there
But Fortune's ſports, or Nature's cruel claims,
Or woman's artifice, or man's revenge,
And endleſs inhumanities on man?
Fame's trumpet ſeldom ſounds but, like the knell,
It brings bad tidings: how it hourly blows
Man's miſadventures round the liſt'ning world!
Man is the tale of narrative old Time;
Sad tale, which high as Paradiſe begins;
As if, the toil of travel to delude,
From ſtage to ſtage, in his eternal round,
The Days, his daughters, as they ſpin our hours
On Fortune's wheel, where accident unthought
Oft', in a moment, ſnaps life's ſtrongeſt thread,
Each, in her turn, ſome tragic ſtory tells,
With now-and-then a wretched farce between,
And fills his chronicle with human woes.

Time's daughters, true as thoſe of men, deceive us;
Not one but puts ſome cheat on all mankind,
While in their father's boſom, not yet ours,
They flatter our fond hopes, and promiſe much
Of amiable, but hold him not o'er-wiſe
Who dares to truſt them, and laugh round the year,
At ſtill-confiding, ſtill-confounded, man,
Confiding tho' confounded; hoping on,
Untaught by trial, unconvinc'd by proof,
And ever looking for the never-ſeen.

Life to the laſt, like harden'd felons, lies,
Nor owns itſelf a cheat till it expires:
Its little joys go out by one and one,
And leave poor man, at length, in perfect night,
Night darker than what now involves the pole.

O thou, who doſt permit theſe ills to fall,
For gracious ends, and wouldſt that man ſhould mourn!
O thou, whoſe hands this goodly fabric fram'd,
Who know'ſt it beſt, and wouldſt that man ſhould know!
What is this ſublunary world? a vapour;
A vapour all it holds; itſelf a vapour;
From the damp bed of Chaos, by thy beam
Exhal'd, ordain'd to ſwim its deſtin'd hour
In ambient air, then melt and diſappear.
Earth's days are number'd, nor remote her doom;
As mortal, tho' leſs tranſient, than her ſons;
Yet they dote on her as the world and they
Were both eternal, ſolid, thou a dream.

They dote on what? immortal views apart,
A region of outſides! a land of ſhadows!
A fruitful field of flow'ry promiſes!
A wilderneſs of joys! perplex'd with doubts,
And ſharp with thorns! a troubled ocean, ſpread
With bold adventurers, their all on board;
No ſecond hope, if here their fortune frowns;
Frown ſoon it muſt. Of various rates they ſail,
Of enſigns various; all alike in this,
All reſtleſs, anxious, toſs'd with hopes and fears

In calmeſt ſkies; obnoxious all to ſtorm,
And ſtormy the moſt gen'ral blaſt of life:
All bound for happineſs; yet few provide
The chart of Knowledge, pointing where it lies,
Or Virtue's helm, to ſhape the courſe deſign'd:
All, more or leſs, capricious Fate lament,
Now lifted by the tide, and now reſorb'd,
And farther from their wiſhes than before:
All, more or leſs, againſt each other daſh,
To mutual hurt, by guſts of paſſion, driven,
And ſuff'ring more from folly than from Fate.

Ocean! thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man!
Death's capital, where moſt he domineers,
With all his choſen terrors frowning round,
(Tho' lately feaſted high at Albion's coſt *)
Wide-op'ning, and loud-roaring ſtill for more!
Too faithful mirror! how doſt thou reflect
The melancholy face of human life!
The ſtrong reſemblance tempts me farther ſtill:
And, haply, Britain may be deeper ſtruck
By moral truth, in ſuch a mirror ſeen,
Which Nature holds for ever at her eye.

Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope,
When young, with ſanguine cheer, and ſtreamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and ſtar our friend:
All in ſome darling enterpriſe embark'd;

* Admiral Balchen, *&c.*

But where is he can fathom its event?
Amid a multitude of artleſs hands,
Ruin's ſure perquiſite! her lawful prize!
Some ſteer aright, but the black blaſt blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of proof,
Full againſt wind and tide, ſome win their way,
And when ſtrong Effort has deſerv'd the port,
And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won! 'tis loſt!
Tho' ſtrong their oar, ſtill ſtronger is their fate:
They ſtrike! and, while they triumph, they expire.
In ſtreſs of weather moſt, ſome ſink outright;
O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows cloſe;
To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
Others a ſhort memorial leave behind,
Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulf'd;
It floats a moment, and is ſeen no more.
One Cæſar lives; a thouſand are forgot.
How few, beneath auſpicious planets born,
(Darlings of Providence! fond Fate's elect!)
With ſwelling ſails make good the promis'd port,
With all their wiſhes freighted! yet ev'n theſe,
Freighted with all their wiſhes, ſoon complain;
Free from misfortune, not from Nature free,
They ſtill are men; and when is man ſecure?
As fatal time as ſtorm! the ruſh of years
Beats down their ſtrength; their numberleſs eſcapes
In ruin end. And now their proud ſucceſs
But plants new terrors on the victor's brow:

What pain to quit the world, juſt made their own,
Their neſt ſo deeply down'd, and built ſo high!
Too low they build who build beneath the ſtars.
Woe then apart (if woe apart can be
From mortal man) and Fortune at our nod,
The gay! rich! great! triumphant! and auguſt!
What are they?—The moſt happy (ſtrange to ſay)
Convince me moſt of human miſery.
What are they? ſmiling wretches of to-morrow!
More wretched, then, than e'er their ſlave can be,
Their treach'rous bleſſings, at the day of need,
Like other faithleſs friends, unmaſk, and ſting:
Then what provoking indigence in wealth!
What aggravated impotence in power!
High titles, then, what inſult of their pain!
If that ſole anchor, equal to the waves,
Immortal Hope! defies not the rude ſtorm,
Takes comfort from the foaming billow's rage,
And makes a welcome harbour of the tomb.
Is this a ſketch of what thy ſoul admires?
"But here (thou ſay'ſt) the miſeries of life
"Are huddled in a group: a more diſtinct
"Survey, perhaps, might bring thee better news."
Look on life's ſtages; they ſpeak plainer ſtill;
The plainer they, the deeper wilt thou ſigh.
Look on thy lovely boy; in him behold
The beſt that can befal the beſt on earth;
The boy has virtue by his mother's ſide:

Yes, on Florello look: a father's heart
Is tender, tho' the man's is made of ſtone:
The truth, thro' ſuch a medium ſeen, may make
Impreſſion deep, and fondneſs prove thy friend.
Florello! lately caſt on this rude coaſt
A helpleſs infant, now a heedleſs child.
To poor Clariſſa's throes thy care ſucceeds;
Care full of love, and yet ſevere as hate!
O'er thy ſoul's joy how oft' thy fondneſs frowns!
Needful auſterities his will reſtrain,
As thorns fence in the tender plant from harm.
As yet his reaſon cannot go alone,
But aſks a ſterner nurſe to lead it on.
His little heart is often terrify'd;
The bluſh of morning, in his cheek, turns pale;
Its pearly dew-drop trembles in his eye,
His harmleſs eye! and drowns an angel there.
Ah! what avails his innocence? the taſk
Enjoin'd muſt diſcipline his early powers;
He learns to ſigh ere he is known to ſin;
Guiltleſs, and ſad! a wretch before the fall!
How cruel this! more cruel to forbear.
Our nature ſuch, with neceſſary pains
We purchaſe proſpects of precarious peace:
Tho' not a father, this might ſteal a ſigh.
Suppoſe him diſciplin'd aright (if not,
'Twill ſink our poor account to poorer ſtill)
Ripe from the tutor, proud of liberty,

He leaps inclosure, bounds into the world;
The world is taken, after ten years' toil,
Like ancient Troy, and all its joys his own.
Alas! the world's a tutor more ſevere,
Its leſſons hard, and ill deſerve his pains;
Unteaching all his virtuous Nature taught,
Or books (fair Virtue's advocates!) inſpir'd.

For who receives him into public life?
Men of the world, the terræ-filial breed,
Welcome the modeſt ſtranger to their ſphere,
(Which glitter'd long, at diſtance, in his ſight)
And in their hoſpitable arms incloſe;
Men who think nought ſo ſtrong of the romance,
So rank knight-errant, as a real friend;
Men that act up to Reaſon's golden rule,
All weakneſs of affection quite ſubdu'd;
Men that would bluſh at being thought ſincere,
And feign, for glory, the few faults they want;
That love a lie, where truth would pay as well,
As if, to them, Vice ſhone her own reward.

Lorenzo! canſt thou bear a ſhocking ſight?
Such, for Florello's ſake, 'twill now appear.
See the ſteel'd files of ſeaſon'd veterans,
Train'd to the world, in burniſh'd falſehood bright;
Deep in the fatal ſtratagems of peace,
All ſoft ſenſation, in the throng, rubb'd off;
All their keen purpoſe in politeneſs ſheath'd;
His friends eternal—during intereſt;

His foes implacable—when worth their while;
At war with ev'ry welfare but their own;
As wise as Lucifer, and half as good;
And by whom none, but Lucifer, can gain—
Naked thro' these, (so common Fate ordains)
Naked of heart, his cruel course he runs,
Stung out of all most amiable in life,
Prompt truth, and open thought, and smiles unfeign'd;
Affection, as his species wide-diffus'd,
Noble presumptions to mankind's renown,
Ingenuous trust, and confidence of love.

These claims to joy (if mortals joy might claim)
Will cost him many a sigh, till time and pains,
From the slow mistress of this school, Experience,
And her assistant, pausing, pale Distrust,
Purchase a dear-bought clue to lead his youth
Thro' serpentine obliquities of life,
And the dark labyrinth of human hearts.
And happy! if the clue shall come so cheap;
For while we learn to fence with public guilt,
Full oft' we feel its foul contagion too,
If less than heav'nly virtue is our guard.
Thus a strange kind of curs'd necessity
Brings down the sterling temper of his soul,
By base alloy, to bear the current stamp,
Below call'd Wisdom; sinks him into safety,
And brands him into credit with the world,
Where spacious titles dignify disgrace,

And Nature's injuries are arts of life;
Where brighter reason prompts to bolder crimes,
And heav'nly talents make infernal hearts,
That unsurmountable extreme of guilt!
Poor Machiavel! who labour'd hard his plan,
Forgot that Genius need not go to school;
Forgot that man, without a tutor wise,
His plan had practis'd long before 'twas writ.
The world's all title-page, there's no contents.
The world's all face. The man who shews his heart
Is hooted for his nudities, and scorn'd.
A man I knew who liv'd upon a smile,
And well it fed him; he look'd plump and fair,
While rankest venom foam'd thro' every vein.
Lorenzo! what I tell thee take not ill!
Living, he fawn'd on ev'ry fool alive;
And, dying, curs'd the friend on whom he liv'd.
To such proficients thou art half a saint.
In foreign realms (for thou hast travell'd far)
How curious to contemplate two state-rooks,
Studious their nests to feather in a trice,
With all the necromantics of their art,
Playing the game of faces on each other,
Making court sweetmeats of their latent gall,
In foolish hope to steal each other's trust;
Both cheating, both exulting, both deceiv'd,
And, sometimes, both (let earth rejoice) undone!
Their parts we doubt not, but be that their shame.

Shall men of talents, fit to rule mankind,
Stoop to mean wiles that would diſgrace a fool,
And loſe the thanks of thoſe few friends they ſerve?
For who can thank the man he cannot ſee?
Why ſo much cover? it defeats itſelf.
Ye that know all things! know ye not men's hearts
Are therefore known becauſe they are conceal'd?
For why conceal'd?—the cauſe they need not tell.
I give him joy that's awkward at a lie;
Whoſe feeble nature Truth keeps ſtill in awe;
His incapacity is his renown.
'Tis great, 'tis manly, to diſdain diſguiſe;
It ſhews our ſpirit, or it proves our ſtrength.
Thou ſay'ſt 'tis needful: is it therefore right?
Howe'er, I grant it ſome ſmall ſign of grace
To ſtrain at an excuſe: and wouldſt thou, then,
Eſcape that cruel need? thou may'ſt with eaſe;
Think no poſt needful that demands a knave.
When late our Civil helm was ſhifting hands,
So P—— thought: think better if you can.
But this how rare! the public path of life
Is dirty:—yet allow that dirt its due,
It makes the noble mind more noble ſtill.
The world's no neuter; it will wound or ſave;
Our virtue quench, or indignation fire.
You ſay the world, well-known, will make a man.—
The world, well-known, will give our hearts to Heav'n,
Or make us demons, long before we die.

To ſhew how fair the world, thy miſtreſs, ſhines,
Take either part, ſure ills attend the choice;
Sure, tho' not equal, detriment enſues.
Not Virtue's ſelf is deify'd on earth;
Virtue has her relapſes, conflicts, foes;
Foes that ne'er fail to make her feel their hate.
Virtue has her peculiar ſet of pains.
True friends to virtue laſt, and leaſt, complain;
But if they ſigh, can others hope to ſmile?
If Wiſdom has her miſeries to mourn,
How can poor Folly lead a happy life?
And if both ſuffer, what has earth to boaſt,
Where he moſt happy who the leaſt laments?
Where much, much patience, the moſt envy'd ſtate,
And ſome forgiveneſs, needs, the beſt of friends?
For friend, or happy life, who looks not higher,
Of neither ſhall he find the ſhadow here.
The world's ſworn advocate, without a fee,
Lorenzo ſmartly, with a ſmile, replies;
" Thus far thy ſong is right, and all muſt own
" Virtue has her peculiar ſet of pains:—
" And joys peculiar who to Vice denies?
" If vice it is with Nature to comply.
" If pride and ſenſe are ſo predominant,
" To check, not overcome them, makes a ſaint.
" Can Nature in a plainer voice proclaim
" Pleaſure and glory the chief good of man?"
Can pride and ſenſuality rejoice?

From purity of thought all pleaſure ſprings,
And from an humble ſpirit all our peace.
Ambition, Pleaſure! let us talk of theſe;
Of theſe the Porch and Academy talk'd;
Of theſe each following age had much to ſay,
Yet unexhauſted, ſtill, the needful theme.
Who talks of theſe, to mankind all at once
He talks; for where the ſaint from either free?
Are theſe thy refuge?—No; theſe ruſh upon thee,
Thy vitals ſeize, and, vulture-like, devour:
I'll try if I can pluck thee from thy rock,
Prometheus! from this barren ball of earth,
If reaſon can unchain thee, thou art free.
And firſt, thy Caucaſus, Ambition, calls;
Mountain of torments! eminence of woes!
Of courted woes! and courted thro' miſtake!
'Tis not ambition charms thee; 'tis a cheat
Will make thee ſtart, as H——— at his Moor.
Doſt graſp at greatneſs? firſt know what it is.
Think'ſt thou thy greatneſs in diſtinction lies?
Not in the feather, wave it e'er ſo high,
By Fortune ſtuck, to mark us from the throng,
Is glory lodg'd: 'tis lodg'd in the reverſe;
In that which joins, in that which equals all,
The monarch and his ſlave,—"a deathleſs ſoul,
"Unbounded proſpect, and immortal kin,
"A Father God, and brothers in the ſkies;"
Elder, indeed, in time, but leſs remote

In excellence, perhaps, than thought by man.
Why greater what can fall than what can riſe?
If ſtill delirious, now, Lorenzo! go,
And, with thy full-blown brothers of the world,
Throw ſcorn around thee; caſt it on thy ſlaves,
Thy ſlaves and equals. How ſcorn caſt on them
Rebounds on thee! If man is mean, as man,
Art thou a god? if Fortune makes him ſo,
Beware the conſequence: a maxim that
Which draws a monſtrous picture of mankind,
Where, in the drapery, the man is loſt;
Externals flutt'ring, and the ſoul forgot.
Thy greateſt glory, when diſpos'd to boaſt,
Boaſt that aloud in which thy ſervants ſhare.
We wiſely ſtrip the ſteed we mean to buy.
Judge we, in their capariſons, of men?
It nought avails thee where, but what, thou art.
All the diſtinctions of this little life
Are quite cutaneous, foreign to the man.
When thro' Death's ſtreights earth's ſubtle ſerpents [creep,
Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown,
As crooked Satan the forbidden tree,
They leave their party-colour'd robe behind,
All that now glitters, while they rear aloft
Their brazen creſts, and hiſs at us below.
Of Fortune's fucus ſtrip them, yet alive,
Strip them of body too; nay, cloſer ſtill,
Away with all but moral in their minds,

And let what then remains impoſe their name,
Pronounce them weak or worthy, great or mean.
How mean that ſnuff of glory Fortune lights,
And Death puts out! Doſt thou demand a teſt,
A teſt, at once, infallible and ſhort,
Of real greatneſs? that man greatly lives,
Whate'er his fate or fame, who greatly dies;
High-ſuſh'd with hope where heroes ſhall deſpair.
If this a true criterion, many courts,
Illuſtrious, might afford but few grandees.
Th' Almighty, from his throne, on earth ſurveys
Nought greater than an honeſt, humble heart;
An humble heart, his reſidence! pronounc'd
His ſecond ſeat, and rival to the ſkies.
The private path, the ſecret acts of men,
If noble, far the nobleſt of our lives!
How far above Lorenzo's glory ſits
Th' illuſtrious maſter of a name unknown?
Whoſe worth unrivall'd, and unwitneſs'd, loves
Life's ſacred ſhades, where gods converſe with men,
And peace, beyond the world's conceptions, ſmiles!
As thou (now dark) before we part ſhalt ſee.
But thy great ſoul this ſkulking glory ſcorns:
Lorenzo's ſick, but when Lorenzo's ſeen,
And when he ſhrugs at public buſ'neſs lies.
Deny'd the public eye, the public voice,
As if he liv'd on others' breath, he dies.
Fain would he make the world his pedeſtal,

Mankind the gazers, the ſole figure he.
Knows he that mankind praiſe againſt their will,
And mix as much detraction as they can?
Knows he that faithleſs Fame her whiſper has,
As well as trumpet? that his vanity
Is ſo much tickled from not hearing all?
Knows this all-knower that from itch of praiſe,
Or from an itch more ſordid, when he ſhines,
Taking his country by five hundred ears,
Senates at once admire him and deſpiſe,
With modeſt laughter lining loud applauſe,
Which makes the ſmile more mortal to his fame?
His fame which, (like the mighty Cæſar) crown'd
With laurels, in full ſenate, greatly falls,
By ſeeming friends, that honour and deſtroy.
We riſe in glory as we ſink in pride.
Where boaſting ends, there dignity begins;
And yet, miſtaken beyond all miſtake,
The blind Lorenzo's proud—of being proud,
And dreams himſelf aſcending in his fall.
An eminence, tho' fancy'd, turns the brain;
All vice wants hellebore; but of all vice
Pride loudeſt calls, and for the largeſt bowl;
Becauſe, unlike all other vice, it flies,
In fact, the point in fancy moſt purſu'd.
Who court applauſe oblige the world in this,
They gratify man's paſſion to refuſe.
Superior honour, when aſſum'd, is loſt:

Ev'n good men turn banditti, and rejoice,
Like Kouli-Kan, in plunder of the proud.
Tho' ſomewhat diſconcerted, ſteady ſtill
To the world's cauſe, with half a face of joy,
Lorenzo cries,—" Be, then, Ambition caſt;
" Ambition's dearer far ſtands unimpeach'd,
" Gay Pleaſure! proud Ambition is her ſlave;
" For her he ſoars at great, and hazards ill;
" For her he fights, and bleeds, or overcomes,
" And paves his way, with crowns, to reach her ſmile.
" Who can reſiſt her charms?"—Or ſhould? Lorenzo!
What mortal ſhall reſiſt where angels yield?
Pleaſure's the miſtreſs of ethereal powers;
For her contend the rival gods above;
Pleaſure's the miſtreſs of the world below,
And well it is for man that Pleaſure charms;
How would all ſtagnate but for Pleaſure's ray!
How would the frozen ſtream of action ceaſe!
What is the pulſe of this ſo buſy world?
The love of pleaſure: that, thro' ev'ry vein,
Throws motion, warmth, and ſhuts out death from life.
Tho' various are the tempers of mankind,
Pleaſure's gay family holds all in chains.
Some moſt affect the black, and ſome the fair;
Some honeſt pleaſure court, and ſome obſcene.
Pleaſures obſcene are various, as the throng
Of paſſions that can err in human hearts,
Miſtake their objects, or tranſgreſs their bounds.

Think you there's but one whoredom? whoredom all,
But when our reaſon licenſes delight.
Doſt doubt Lorenzo? thou ſhalt doubt no more.
Thy father chides thy gallantries, yet hugs
An ugly, common, harlot in the dark,
A rank adulterer with others' gold;
And that hag, Vengeance, in a corner charms.
Hatred her brothel has, as well as Love,
Where horrid epicures debauch in blood.
Whate'er the motive, Pleaſure is the mark:
For her the black aſſaſſin draws his ſword;
For her dark ſtateſmen trim their midnight lamp,
To which no ſingle ſacrifice may fall;
For her the ſaint abſtains, the miſer ſtarves;
The Stoic proud, for Pleaſure, pleaſure ſcorn'd;
For her Affliction's daughters grief indulge,
And find, or hope, a luxury in tears;
For her guilt, ſhame, toil, danger, we defy,
And, with an aim voluptuous, ruſh on death.
Thus univerſal her deſpotic power.
And as her empire wide, her praiſe is juſt.
Patron of Pleaſure! Doter on delight!
I am thy rival; pleaſure I profeſs;
Pleaſure the purpoſe of my gloomy ſong.
Pleaſure is nought but Virtue's gayer name;
I wrong her ſtill, I rate her worth too low:
Virtue the root, and pleaſure is the flower;
And honeſt Epicurus' foes were fools.

But this ſounds harſh, and gives the wiſe offence,
If o'erſtrain'd wiſdom ſtill retains the name.
How knits Auſterity her cloudy brow,
And blames, as bold and hazardous, the praiſe
Of pleaſure, to mankind, unprais'd, too dear!
Ye modern Stoics! hear my ſoft reply;
Their ſenſes men will truſt: we can't impoſe,
Or, if we could, is impoſition right?
Own honey ſweet; but, owning, add this ſting,
"When mix'd with poiſon it is deadly too."
Truth never was indebted to a lie.
Is nought but virtue to be prais'd as good?
Why then is health preferr'd before diſeaſe?
What Nature loves is good, without our leave;
And where no future drawback cries, "Beware,"
Pleaſure, tho' not from virtue, ſhould prevail:
'Tis balm to life, and gratitude to Heav'n.
How cold our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd!
The love of Pleaſure is man's eldeſt-born,
Born in his cradle, living to his tomb;
Wiſdom, her younger ſiſter, tho' more grave,
Was meant to miniſter, and not to mar,
Imperial Pleaſure, queen of human hearts.
Lorenzo! thou, her Majeſty's renown'd,
Tho' uncoiſt counſel, learned in the world!
Who think'ſt thyſelf a Murray, with diſdain
May'ſt look on me: yet, my Demoſthenes!
Canſt thou plead Pleaſure's cauſe as well as I?

Know'ſt thou her nature, purpoſe, parentage?
Attend my ſong, and thou ſhalt know them all;
And know thyſelf; and know thyſelf to be
(Strange truth!) the moſt abſtemious man alive.
Tell not Caliſta, ſhe will laugh thee dead,
Or ſend thee to her hermitage with L——.
Abſurd preſumption! thou, who never knew'ſt
A ſerious thought! ſhalt thou dare dream of joy?
No man e'er found a happy life by chance,
Or yawn'd it into being with a wiſh;
Or with the ſnout of grov'lling Appetite
E'er ſmelt it out, and grubb'd it from the dirt.
An art it is, and muſt be learn'd; and learn'd
With unremitting effort, or be loſt,
And leaves us perfect blockheads in our bliſs.
The clouds may drop down titles and eſtates;
Wealth may ſeek us; but wiſdom muſt be ſought;
Sought before all; but (how unlike all elſe
We ſeek on earth!) 'tis never ſought in vain.
Firſt, Pleaſure's birth, riſe, ſtrength, and grandeur, ſee:
Brought forth by Wiſdom, nurs'd by Diſcipline,
By Patience taught, by Perſeverance crown'd,
She rears her head majeſtic; round her throne,
Erected in the boſom of the juſt,
Each virtue, liſted, forms her manly guard.
For what are virtues? (formidable name!)
What but the fountain or defence of joy?
Why then commanded? need mankind commands,

At once to merit and to make their bliss?—
Great Legislator! scarce so great as kind!
If men are rational, and love delight,
Thy gracious law, but flatters human choice:
In the transgression lies the penalty;
And they the most indulge who most obey.

Of Pleasure, next, the final cause explore;
Its mighty purpose, its important end.
Not to turn human brutal, but to build
Divine on human, Pleasure came from heav'n:
In aid to reason was the goddess sent,
To call up all its strength by such a charm.
Pleasure, first, succours virtue; in return,
Virtue gives Pleasure an eternal reign.
What but the pleasure of food, friendship, faith,
Supports life nat'ral, civil, and divine?
'Tis from the pleasure of repast we live;
'Tis from the pleasure of applause we please;
'Tis from the pleasure of belief we pray:
(All pray'r would cease, if unbelieved the prize)
It serves ourselves, our species, and our God;
And to serve more is past the sphere of man.
Glide, then, for ever, Pleasure's sacred stream!
Thro' Eden, as Euphrates ran, it runs,
And fosters ev'ry growth of happy life;
Makes a new Eden where it flows,—but such
As must be lost, Lorenzo! by thy fall.

"What mean I by thy fall?"—Thou'lt shortly see,

While Pleaſure's nature is at large diſplay'd,
Already ſung her origin and ends.
Thoſe glorious ends by kind, or by degree,
When Pleaſure violates, 'tis then a vice,
And vengeance too; it haſtens into pain.
From due refreſhment life, health, reaſon, joy;
From wild exceſs pain, grief, diſtraction, death;
Heav'n's juſtice this proclaims, and that her love.
What greater evil can I wiſh my foe,
Than his full draught of pleaſure from a caſk
Unbroach'd by juſt authority, ungaug'd
By temperance, by reaſon unrefin'd?
A thouſand demons lurk within the lee.
Heav'n, others, and ourſelves! uninjur'd theſe,
Drink deep; the deeper, then, the more divine:
Angels are angels from indulgence there.
'Tis unrepenting pleaſure makes a god.
Doſt think thyſelf a god from other joys?
A victim rather! ſhortly ſure to bleed.
The wrong muſt mourn. Can Heav'n's appointments fail?
Can man outwit Omnipotence? ſtrike out
A ſelf-wrought happineſs unmeant by him
Who made us, and the world we would enjoy?
Who forms an inſtrument, ordains from whence
Its diſſonance or harmony ſhall riſe.
Heav'n bid the ſoul this mortal frame inſpire;
Bid Virtue's ray divine inſpire the ſoul
With unprecarious flows of vital joy;

And without breathing man as well might hope
For life, as, without piety, for peace.
"Is virtue, then, and piety the ſame?"—
No; piety is more; 'tis virtue's ſource,
Mother of ev'ry worth, as that of joy.
Men of the world this doctrine ill digeſt;
They ſmile at piety, yet boaſt aloud
Good-will to men, nor know they ſtrive to part
What Nature joins, and thus confute themſelves.
With piety begins all good on earth;
'Tis the firſt-born of Rationality.
Conſcience, her firſt law broken, wounded lies;
Enfeebled, lifeleſs, impotent to good,
A feign'd affection bounds her utmoſt power.
Some we can't love, but for th' Almighty's ſake:
A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man.
Some ſiniſter intent taints all he does,
And in his kindeſt actions he's unkind.
On piety humanity is built,
And on humanity much happineſs;
And yet ſtill more on piety itſelf.
A ſoul in commerce with her God is heav'n,
Feels not the tumults and the ſhocks of life,
The whirls of paſſions, and the ſtrokes of heart.
A Deity believ'd is joy begun;
A Deity ador'd is joy advanc'd;
A Deity lov'd is joy matur'd.
Each branch of piety delight inſpires;

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A Deity belov'd is joy matur'd.
Each branch of piety delight inſpires;

Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er Death's dark gulf, and all its horror hides:
Praiſe, the ſweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it ſweeter ſtill:
Pray'r ardent opens heav'n, lets down a ſtream
Of glory on the conſecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity.
Who worſhips the Great God, that inſtant joins
The firſt in heav'n, and ſets his foot on hell.

Lorenzo! when waſt thou at church before?
Thou think'ſt the ſervice long: but is it juſt?
Tho' juſt, unwelcome. Thou hadſt rather tread
Unhallow'd ground: the Muſe, to win thine ear,
Muſt take an air leſs ſolemn. She complies.
Good Conſcience! at the ſound the world retires;
Verſe diſaffects it, and Lorenzo ſmiles;
Yet has ſhe her ſeraglio full of charms,
And ſuch as age ſhall heighten, not impair.
Art thou dejected? is thy mind o'ercaſt?
Amid her fair ones thou the faireſt chuſe
To chaſe thy gloom.—"Go, fix ſome weighty truth;
"Chain down ſome paſſion; do ſome gen'rous good;
"Teach Ignorance to ſee, or Grief to ſmile;
"Correct thy friend; befriend thy greateſt foe;
"Or, with warm heart and confidence divine,
"Spring up, and lay ſtrong hold on Him who made
Thy gloom is ſcatter'd, ſprightly ſpirits flow, [thee."
Tho' wither'd is thy vine, and harp unſtrung.

Doſt call the bowl, the viol, and the dance,
Loud mirth, mad laughter? Wretched comforters!
Phyſicians! more than half of thy diſeaſe.
Laughter, tho' never cenſur'd yet as ſin,
(Pardon a thought that only ſeems ſevere)
Is half-immoral: is it much indulg'd?
By venting ſpleen, or diſſipating thought,
It ſhews a ſcorner, or it makes a fool,
And ſins, as hurting others, or ourſelves.
'Tis pride, or emptineſs, applies the ſtraw
That tickles little minds to mirth effuſe;
Of grief approaching the portentous ſign!
The houſe of laughter makes a houſe of woe.
A man triumphant is a monſtrous ſight;
A man dejected is a ſight as mean.
What cauſe for triumph where ſuch ills abound?
What for dejection where preſides a power
Who call'd us into being to be bleſs'd?
So grieve, as conſcious grief may riſe to joy;
So joy, as conſcious joy to grief may fall.
Moſt true a wiſe man never will be ſad;
But neither will ſonorous, bubbling mirth,
A ſhallow ſtream of happineſs betray;
Too happy to be ſportive, he's ſerene.
Yet wouldſt thou laugh (but at thy own expenſe)
This counſel ſtrange ſhould I preſume to give—
"Retire, and read thy Bible, to be gay."
There truths abound of ſov'reign aid to peace:

Ah! do not prize them leſs becauſe inſpir'd,
As thou and thine are apt and proud to do.
If not inſpir'd, that pregnant page had ſtood,
Time's treaſure! and the wonder of the wiſe!
Thou think'ſt, perhaps, thy ſoul alone at ſtake:
Alas!—ſhould men miſtake thee for a fool;—
What man of taſte for genius, wiſdom, truth,
Tho' tender of thy fame, could interpoſe?
Believe me ſenſe, here, acts a double part,
And the true critic is a Chriſtian too.
But theſe, thou think'ſt, are gloomy paths to joy.
True joy in ſunſhine ne'er was found at firſt.
They firſt themſelves offend who greatly pleaſe,
And travel only gives us ſound repoſe.
Heav'n ſells all pleaſure; effort is the price.
The joys of conqueſt are the joys of man;
And Glory the victorious laurel ſpreads
O'er Pleaſure's pure, perpetual, placid ſtream.
There is a time when toil muſt be preferr'd,
Or joy, by miſtim'd fondneſs, is undone.
A man of pleaſure is a man of pains.
Thou wilt not take the trouble to be bleſs'd.
Falſe joys, indeed, are born from want of thought;
From thought's full bent and energy the true;
And that demands a mind in equal poize,
Remote from gloomy grief and glaring joy.
Much joy not only ſpeaks ſmall happineſs,
But happineſs that ſhortly muſt expire.

Can joy, unbottom'd in reflection, ſtand?
And, in a tempeſt, can reflection live?
Can joy, like thine, ſecure itſelf an hour?
Can joy, like thine, meet accident unſhock'd?
Or ope the door to honeſt poverty?
Or talk with threat'ning Death, and not turn pale?
In ſuch a world, and ſuch a nature, theſe
Are needful fundamentals of delight:
Theſe fundamentals give delight indeed;
Delight pure, delicate, and durable;
Delight unſhaken, maſculine, divine;
A conſtant and a ſound, but ſerious joy.
Is Joy the daughter of Severity?
It is:—yet far my doctrine from ſevere.
"Rejoice for ever:" it becomes a man;
Exalts, and ſets him nearer to the gods.
"Rejoice for ever," Nature cries; "Rejoice,"
And drinks to man in her nectareous cup,
Mix'd up of delicates for ev'ry ſenſe;
To the great Founder of the bounteous feaſt
Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praiſe;
And he that will not pledge her is a churl.
Ill firmly to ſupport, good fully taſte,
Is the whole ſcience of felicity:
Yet ſparing pledge; her bowl is not the beſt
Mankind can boaſt.—"A rational repaſt,
"Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,
"A military diſcipline of thought,

" To foil temptation in the doubtful field,
" And ever-waking ardour for the right."
'Tis theſe firſt give, then guard, a cheerful heart.
Nought that is right think little, well aware
What Reaſon bids, God bids; by his command
How aggrandiz'd the ſmalleſt thing we do!
Thus nothing is inſipid to the wiſe;
To thee inſipid all but what is mad,
Joys ſeaſon'd high, and taſting ſtrong of guilt.
" Mad! (thou reply'ſt, with indignation fir'd)
" Of ancient ſages proud to tread the ſteps,
" I follow Nature."—Follow Nature ſtill,
But look it be thine own. Is Conſcience, then,
No part of Nature? is ſhe not ſupreme?
Thou regicide! O raiſe her from the dead!
Then follow Nature, and reſemble God.
When, ſpite of conſcience, pleaſure is purſu'd,
Man's nature is unnaturally pleas'd;
And what's unnatural is painful too
At intervals, and muſt diſguſt ev'n thee!
The fact thou know'ſt; but not, perhaps, the cauſe.
Virtue's foundations with the world's were laid:
Heav'n mix'd her with our make, and twiſted cloſe
Her ſacred int'reſts with the ſtrings of life:
Who breaks her awful mandate ſhocks himſelf,
His better ſelf: and is it greater pain
Our ſoul ſhould murmur, or our duſt repine?
And one, in their eternal war, muſt bleed.

If one muſt ſuffer, which ſhould leaſt be ſpar'd?
The pains of mind ſurpaſs the pains of ſenſe:
Aſk, then, the Gout, what torment is in guilt.
The joys of ſenſe to mental joys are mean:
Senſe on the preſent only feeds; the ſoul
On paſt and future forages for joy:
'Tis her's, by retroſpect, thro' time to range,
And forward time's great ſequel to ſurvey.
Could human courts take vengeance on the mind,
Axes might ruſt, and racks and gibbets fall.
Guard then thy mind, and leave the reſt to Fate.
Lorenzo! wilt thou never be a man?
The man is dead who for the body lives,
Lur'd by the beating of his pulſe, to liſt
With ev'ry luſt that wars againſt his peace,
And ſets him quite at variance with himſelf.
Thyſelf firſt know, then love: a ſelf there is,
Of virtue fond, that kindles at her charms:
A ſelf there is as fond of ev'ry vice,
While ev'ry virtue wounds it to the heart;
Humility degrades it, Juſtice robs,
Bleſs'd Bounty beggars it, fair Truth betrays,
And godlike Magnanimity deſtroys.
This ſelf, when rival to the former, ſcorn;
When not in competition, kindly treat,
Defend it, feed it:—but when Virtue bids,
Toſs it or to the fowls or to the flames.
And why? 'tis love of pleaſure bids thee bleed:

Comply, or own ſelf-love extinct, or blind.
For what is vice? Self-love in a miſtake:
A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear.
And virtue what? 'tis Self-love in her wits,
Quite ſkilful in the market of delight.
Self-love's good ſenſe is love of that dread power
From whom herſelf, and all ſhe can enjoy.
Other ſelf-love is but diſguis'd ſelf-hate,
More mortal than the malice of our foes;
A ſelf-hate now ſcarce felt, then felt full ſore,
When being curs'd, extinction loud-implor'd,
And ev'ry thing prefer'd to what we are.
Yet this ſelf-love Lorenzo makes his choice,
And, in this choice triumphant, boaſts of joy.
How is his want of happineſs betray'd
By diſaffection to the preſent hour!
Imagination wanders far a-field;
The future pleaſes: why? the preſent pains.—
"But that's a ſecret."—Yes, which all men know,
And know from thee, diſcover'd unawares.
Thy ceaſeleſs agitation, reſtleſs roll
From cheat to cheat, impatient of a pauſe,
What is it?—'Tis the cradle of the ſoul,
From Inſtinct ſent, to rock her in diſeaſe,
Which her phyſician, Reaſon, will not cure.
A poor expedient! yet thy beſt; and while
It mitigates thy pain, it owns it too.
Such are Lorenzo's wretched remedies!

The weak have remedies, the wiſe have joys.
Superior wiſdom is ſuperior bliſs.
And what ſure mark diſtinguiſhes the wiſe?
Conſiſtent wiſdom ever wills the ſame;
Thy fickle wiſh is ever on the wing.
Sick of herſelf is Folly's character,
As Wiſdom's is a modeſt ſelf-applauſe.
A change of evils is thy good ſupreme,
Nor but in motion canſt thou find thy reſt.
Man's greateſt ſtrength is ſhewn in ſtanding ſtill.
The firſt ſure ſymptom of a mind in health
Is reſt of heart, and pleaſure felt at home.
Falſe Pleaſure from abroad her joys imports;
Rich from within, and ſelf-ſuſtain'd, the true.
The true is fix'd and ſolid as a rock;
Slipp'ry the falſe, and toſſing, as the wave.
This a wild wanderer on earth, like Cain;
That like the fabled, ſelf-enamour'd boy,
Home-contemplation her ſupreme delight:
She dreads an interruption from without,
Smit with her own condition, and the more
Intenſe ſhe gazes, ſtill it charms the more.
No man is happy till he thinks on earth
There breathes not a more happy than himſelf:
Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all;
And love o'erflowing makes an angel here.
Such angels all entitled to repoſe
On him who governs Fate. Tho' tempeſt frowns,

Tho' Nature ſhakes, how ſoft to lean on Heav'n!
To lean on him on whom archangels lean!
With inward eyes, and ſilent as the grave,
They ſtand collecting ev'ry beam of thought,
Till their hearts kindle with divine delight;
For all their thoughts, like angels, ſeen of old
In Iſrael's dream, come from, and go to heav'n;
Hence are they ſtudious of ſequeſter'd ſcenes,
While noiſe and diſſipation comfort thee.

Were all men happy revellings would ceaſe,
That opiate for inquietude within.
Lorenzo! never man was truly bleſs'd,
But it compos'd and gave him ſuch a caſt,
As Folly might miſtake for want of joy:
A caſt unlike the triumph of the proud;
A modeſt aſpect, and a ſmile at heart.
O for a joy from thy Philander's ſpring!
A ſpring perennial, riſing in the breaſt,
And permanent as pure! no turbid ſtream
Of rapt'rous exultation, ſwelling high,
Which, like land-floods, impetuous pour a while,
Then ſink at once, and leave us in the mire.
What does the man who tranſient joy prefers?
What but prefer the bubbles to the ſtream?

Vain are all ſudden ſallies of delight,
Convulſions of a weak diſtemper'd joy.
Joy's a fix'd ſtate; a tenure, not a ſtart.
Bliſs there is none but unprecarious bliſs:

That is the gem; ſell all, and purchaſe that.
Why go a-begging to contingencies,
Not gain'd with eaſe, nor ſafely lov'd, if gain'd?
At good fortuitous draw back, and pauſe;
Suſpect it; what thou canſt enſure, enjoy;
And nought but what thou giv'ſt thyſelf is ſure.
Reaſon perpetuates joy that reaſon gives,
And makes it as immortal as herſelf:
To mortals nought immortal but their worth.

Worth, conſcious Worth! ſhould abſolutely reign,
And other joys aſk leave for their approach,
Nor unexamin'd ever leave obtain.
Thou art all anarchy; a mob of joys
Wage war, and periſh in inteſtine broils;
Not the leaſt promiſe of internal peace!
No boſom-comfort! or unborrow'd bliſs!
Thy thoughts are vagabonds; all outward-bound
'Mid ſands, and rocks, and ſtorms, to cruiſe for pleaſure;
If gain'd, dear-bought; and better miſs'd than gain'd.
Much pain muſt expiate what much pain procur'd.
Fancy and ſenſe, from an infected ſhore,
Thy cargo bring, and peſtilence the prize.
Then ſuch thy thirſt, (inſatiable thirſt
By fond indulgence but inflam'd the more)
Fancy ſtill cruiſes, when poor Senſe is tir'd.

Imagination is the Paphian ſhop
Where feeble Happineſs, like Vulcan, lame,
Bids foul ideas, in their dark receſs,

And hot as hell (which kindled the black fires)
With wanton art thoſe fatal arrows form,
Which murder all thy time, health, wealth, and fame.
Wouldſt thou receive them, other thoughts there are
On angel-wing, deſcending from above,
Which theſe, with art divine, would counter-work,
And form celeſtial armour for thy peace.
In this is ſeen Imagination's guilt,
But who can count her follies? ſhe betrays thee,
To think in grandeur there is ſomething great.
For works of curious art, and ancient fame,
Thy genius hungers, elegantly pain'd,
And foreign climes muſt cater for thy taſte.
Hence what diſaſter!—Tho' the price was paid,
That perſecuting prieſt, the Turk of Rome,
Whoſe foot, (ye Gods!) tho' cloven, muſt be kiſs'd,
Detain'd thy dinner on the Latian ſhore;
(Such is the fate of honeſt Proteſtants!)
And poor Magnificence is ſtarv'd to death.
Hence juſt reſentment, indignation, ire!—
Be pacify'd; if outward things are great,
'Tis magnanimity great things to ſcorn;
Pompous expenſes, and parades auguſt,
And courts, that inſalubrious ſoil to peace.
True happineſs ne'er enter'd at an eye;
True happineſs reſides in things unſeen.
No ſmiles of Fortune ever bleſs'd the bad,
Nor can her frowns rob Innocence of joys;

That jewel wanting, triple crowns are poor:
So tell his Holineſs, and be reveng'd.
Pleaſure, we both agree, is man's chief good;
Our only conteſt what deſerves the name.
Give Pleaſure's name to nought but what has paſs'd
Th' authentic ſeal of Reaſon (which, like Yorke,
Demurrs on what it paſſes) and defies
The tooth of Time; when paſt, a pleaſure ſtill;
Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes
Our future, while it forms our preſent joy.
Some joys the future overcaſt, and ſome
Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb.
Some joys endear eternity; ſome give
Abhorr'd Annihilation dreadful charms.
Are rival joys contending for thy choice?
Conſult thy whole exiſtence, and be ſafe;
That oracle will put all doubt to flight.
Short is the leſſion, tho' my lecture long;
Be good—and let Heav'n anſwer for the reſt.
Yet, with a ſigh o'er all mankind, I grant,
In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
The good man has his clouds that intervene;
Clouds that obſcure his ſublunary day,
But never conquer: ev'n the beſt muſt own,
Patience and reſignation are the pillars
Of human peace on earth: the pillars theſe,
But thoſe of Seth not more remote from thee.

Till this heroic leſſon thou haſt learn'd,
To frown at pleaſure, and to ſmile in pain.
Fir'd at the proſpect of unclouded bliſs,
Heav'n in reverſion, like the ſun, as yet
Beneath th' horizon, cheers us in this world;
It ſheds, on ſouls ſuſceptible of light,
The glorious dawn of our eternal day.
" This (ſays Lorenzo) is a fair harangue;
" But can harangues blow back ſtrong Nature's ſtream,
" Or ſtem the tide Heav'n puſhes thro' our veins,
" Which ſweeps away man's impotent reſolves,
" And lays his labour level with the world?"
Themſelves men make their comment on mankind,
And think nought is but what they find at home:
Thus weakneſs to chimera turns the truth.
Nothing romantic has the Muſe preſcrib'd:
Above *, Lorenzo ſaw the man of earth,
The mortal man, and wretched was the ſight.
To balance that, to comfort and exalt,
Now ſee the man immortal; him, I mean,
Who lives as ſuch; whoſe heart, full-bent on heav'n,
Leans all that way, his bias to the ſtars.
The world's dark ſhades, in contraſt ſet, ſhall raiſe
His luſtre more, tho' bright, without a foil:
Obſerve his awful portrait, and admire;
Nor ſtop at wonder; imitate, and live.
Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing leſs than angel can exceed,

* In a former Night.

A man on earth devoted to the skies;
Like ships in seas, while in, above the world.
With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave,
A mingled mob! a wand'ring herd! he sees,
Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverse in all! what higher praise?
What stronger demonstration of the right?
The present all their care, the future his.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to Fame; his bounty he conceals.
Their virtues varnish Nature, his exalt.
Mankind's esteem they court, and he his own!
Theirs the wild chase of false felicities;
His the compos'd possession of the true.
Alike throughout is his consistent peace,
All of one colour, and an even thread;
While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe; each puff of Fortune blows
The tatters by, and shews their nakedness.
He sees with other eyes than theirs: where they
Behold a sun, he spies a Deity.

What makes them only smile, makes him adore.
Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees.
An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain.
They things terrestrial worship as divine;
His hopes, immortal, blow them by as dust
That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound.
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aside to find his dignity;
No dignity they find in aught besides.
They triumph in externals, (which conceal
Man's real glory) proud of an eclipse:
Himself too much he prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks so great in man as man.
Too dear he holds his int'rest to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade;
Their int'rest, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the shadow of a wrong;
Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on Heav'n,
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe.
Nought but what wounds his virtue wounds his peace.
A cover'd heart their character defends;
A cover'd heart denies him half his praise.
With nakedness his innocence agrees,
While their broad foliage testifies their fall.
Their no-joys end where his full feast begins;
His joys create, theirs murder, future bliss.
To triumph in existence his alone;

And his alone triumphantly to think
His true existence is not yet begun.
His glorious course was, yesterday, complete;
Death then was welcome; yet life still is sweet.
But nothing charms Lorenzo like the firm,
Undaunted breast.—And whose is that high praise?
They yield to pleasure, tho' they danger brave,
And shew no fortitude but in the field:
If there they shew it, 'tis for glory shewn,
Nor will that cordial always man their hearts.
A cordial he sustains that cannot fail:
By pleasure unsubdu'd, unbroke by pain,
He shares in that Omnipotence he trusts;
All-bearing, all-attempting, till he falls,
And when he falls writes *Vici* on his shield.
From magnanimity all fear above;
From nobler recompense above applause,
Which owes to man's short outlook all its charms.
Backward to credit what he never felt,
Lorenzo cries,—"Where shines this miracle?
"From what root rises this immortal man?"
A root that grows not in Lorenzo's ground:
The root dissect, nor wonder at the flower.
He follows Nature (not like thee *) and shews us
An uninvented system of a man.
His appetite wears Reason's golden chain,
And finds, in due restraint, its luxury.

* See Night the Eighth, ver. 838.

His passion, like an eagle well-reclaim'd,
Is taught to fly at nought but infinite.
Patient his hope, unanxious is his care,
His caution fearless, and his grief (if grief
The gods ordain) a stranger to despair.
And why?—because affection, more than meet,
His wisdom leaves not disengag'd from heav'n.
Those secondary goods that smile on earth
He, loving in proportion, loves in peace.
They most the world enjoy who least admire.
His understanding 'scapes the common cloud
Of fumes arising from a boiling breast.
His head is clear, because his heart is cool,
By worldly competitions uninflam'd.
The mod'rate movements of his soul admit
Distinct ideas, and matur'd debate,
An eye impartial, and an even scale;
Whence judgment sound, and unrepenting choice.
Thus, in a double sense, the good are wise;
On its own dunghill wiser than the world.
What, then, the world? it must be doubly weak.
Strange truth! as soon would they believe their creed.

Yet thus it is, nor otherwise can be,
So far from aught romantic what I sing.
Bliss has no being, virtue has no strength,
But from the prospect of immortal life.
Who think earth all, or (what weighs just the same)
Who care no farther, must prize what it yields,

Fond of its fancies, proud of its parades.
Who thinks earth nothing can't its charms admire;
He can't a foe, tho' moſt malignant, hate,
Becauſe that hate would prove his greater foe.
'Tis hard for them (yet who ſo loudly boaſt
Good-will to men?) to love their deareſt friend;
For may not he invade their good ſupreme,
Where the leaſt jealouſy turns love to gall?
All ſhines to them, that for a ſeaſon ſhines:
Each act, each thought, he queſtions; "What its weight,
"Its colour what, a thouſand ages hence?"——
And what it there appears he deems it now;
Hence pure are the receſſes of his ſoul.
The godlike man has nothing to conceal;
His virtue, conſtitutionally deep,
Has Habit's firmneſs, and Affection's flame:
Angels, ally'd, deſcend to feed the fire,
And death, which others ſlays, makes him a god.
And now, Lorenzo! bigot of this world!
Wont to diſdain poor bigots caught by Heav'n!
Stand by thy ſcorn, and be reduc'd to nought!
For what art thou?—Thou Boaſter! while thy glare,
Thy gaudy grandeur, and mere worldly worth,
Like a broad miſt, at diſtance, ſtrikes us moſt,
And, like a miſt, is nothing when at hand;
His merit, like a mountain, on approach,
Swells more, and riſes nearer to the ſkies,
By promiſe now, and by poſſeſſion, ſoon

(Too ſoon, too much, it cannot be) his own.
From this thy juſt annihilation riſe,
Lorenzo! riſe to ſomething, by reply.
The world, thy client, liſtens, and expects,
And longs to crown thee with immortal praiſe.
Canſt thou be ſilent? no; for wit is thine,
And Wit talks moſt when leaſt ſhe has to ſay,
And Reaſon interrupts not her career.
She'll ſay—That miſts above the mountains riſe,
And with a thouſand pleaſantries amuſe;
She'll ſparkle, puzzle, flutter, raiſe a duſt,
And fly conviction in the duſt ſhe rais'd.
Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taſte!
'Tis precious as the vehicle of ſenſe,
But as its ſubſtitute a dire diſeaſe.
Pernicious talent! flatter'd by the world,
By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare.
Wiſdom is rare, Lorenzo! wit abounds;
Paſſion can give it; ſometimes wine inſpires.
The lucky flaſh; and madneſs rarely fails.
Whatever cauſe the ſpirit ſtrongly ſtirs,
Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown.
For thy renown 'twere well was this the worſt:
Chance often hits it; and, to pique thee more,
See Dulneſs, blund'ring on vivacities,
Shakes her ſage head at the calamity
Which has expos'd, and let her down to thee.
But wiſdom, awful Wiſdom! which inſpects,

Diſcerns, compares, weighs, ſeparates, infers,
Seizes the right, and holds it to the laſt,
How rare! in ſenates, ſynods, ſought in vain;
Or if there found, 'tis ſacred to the few;
While a lewd proſtitute to multitudes,
Frequent as fatal, Wit. In civil life
Wit makes an enterpriſer, ſenſe a man.
Wit hates authority, commotion loves,
And thinks herſelf the lightning of the ſtorm.
In ſtates 'tis dang'rous; in religion death.
Shall Wit turn Chriſtian when the dull believe?
Senſe is our helmet, wit is but the plume;
The plume expoſes, 'tis our helmet ſaves.
Senſe is the di'mond, weighty, ſolid, ſound;
When cut by wit it caſts a brighter beam;
Yet wit apart, it is a diamond ſtill.
Wit, widow'd of good ſenſe, is worſe than nought;
It hoiſts more ſail to run againſt a rock.
Thus a half-Cheſterfield is quite a fool,
Whom dull fools ſcorn, and bleſs their want of wit.
How ruinous the rock I warn thee ſhun,
Where Sirens ſit to ſing thee to thy fate!
A joy in which our reaſon bears no part,
Is but a ſorrow, tickling ere it ſtings.
Let not the cooings of the world allure thee;
Which of her lovers ever found her true?
Happy! of this bad world who little know:—
And yet we much muſt know her to be ſafe.

To know the world, not love her, is thy point;
She gives but little, nor that little long.
There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulse,
A dance of ſpirits, a mere froth of joy,
Our thoughtleſs agitation's idle child,
That mantles high, that ſparkles, and expires,
Leaving the ſoul more vapid than before;
An animal ovation! ſuch as holds
No commerce with our reaſon, but ſubſiſts
On juices, thro' the well-ton'd tubes well ſtrain'd;
A nice machine! ſcarce ever run'd aright;
And when it jars—thy Sirens ſing no more;
Thy dance is done; the demi-god is thrown
(Short apotheoſis!) beneath the man.
In coward gloom immers'd, or fell deſpair.

Art thou yet dull enough deſpair to dread,
And ſtartle at deſtruction? if thou art,
Accept a buckler, take it to the field:
(A field of battle is this mortal life!)
When danger threatens, lay it on thy heart,
A ſingle ſentence proof againſt the world.
"Soul, body, fortune! every good pertains
"To one of theſe; but prize not all alike:
"The goods of Fortune to thy body's health,
"Body to ſoul, and ſoul ſubmit to God."
Wouldſt thou build laſting happineſs? do this:
Th' inverted pyramid can never ſtand.

Is this truth doubtful? it outſhines the ſun;

Nay, the ſun ſhines not but to ſhew us this,
The ſingle leſſon of mankind on earth:
And yet—yet what? No news! mankind is mad;
Such mighty numbers liſt againſt the light,
(And what can't numbers, when bewitch'd, achieve!)
They talk themſelves to ſomething like belief
That all earth's joys are theirs: as Athens' fool
Grinn'd from the port on ev'ry ſail his own.

They grin, but wherefore! and how long the laugh?
Half ignorance their mirth, and half a lie.
To cheat the world, and cheat themſelves, they ſmile:
Hard either taſk! the moſt abandon'd own
That others, if abandon'd, are undone:
Then for themſelves, the moment Reaſon wakes,
(And Providence denies it long repoſe)
O how laborious is their gaiety!
They ſcarce can ſwallow their ebullient ſpleen,
Scarce muſter patience to ſupport the farce,
And pump ſad laughter till the curtain falls.
Scarce, did I ſay? ſome cannot ſit it out;
Oft' their own daring hands the curtain draw,
And ſhew us what their joy by their diſpair.

The clotted hair! gor'd breaſt! blaſpheming eye!
Its impious fury ſtill alive in death!
Shut, ſhut the ſhocking ſcene.—But Heav'n denies
A cover to ſuch guilt, and ſo ſhould man.
Look round, Lorenzo! ſee the reeking blade,
Th' envenom'd phial, and the fatal ball;
The ſtrangling cord, and ſuffocating ſtream;

The loathsome rottenness, and foul decays,
From raging riot (slower suicides!)
And pride in these, more execrable still!
How horrid all to thought!—but horrors, these,
That vouch the truth, and aid my feeble song.

From vice, sense, fancy, no man can be bless'd:
Bliss is too great to lodge within an hour,
When an immortal being aims at bliss;
Duration is essential to the name.
O for a joy from reason! joy from that
Which makes man man, and, exercis'd aright,
Will make him more a bounteous joy that gives
And promises; that weaves, with art divine,
The richest prospect into present peace:
A joy ambitious! joy in common held
With thrones ethereal, and their greater far:
A joy high-privileg'd from chance, time, death!
A joy which death shall double, judgment crown!
Crown'd higher, and still higher, at each stage,
Thro' bless'd eternity's long day, yet still
Not more remote from sorrow than from him
Whose lavish hand, whose love stupendous, pours
So much of Deity on guilty dust.
There, O my Lucia! may I meet thee there,
Where not thy presence can improve my bliss!

Affects not this the sages of the world?
Can nought affect them, but what fools them too?
Eternity depending on an hour,
Makes serious thought man's wisdom, joy, and praise.

Nor need you blush (tho' sometimes your designs
May shun the light) at your designs on heaven;
Sole point, where overbashful is your blame.
Are you not wise?—you know you are: yet hear
One truth, amid your num'rous schemes mislaid,
Or overlook'd, or thrown aside, if seen;
"Our schemes to plan by this world or the next,
"Is the sole diff'rence between wise and fool."
All worthy men will weigh you in this scale;
What wonder, then, if they pronounce you light?
Is their esteem alone not worth your care?
Accept my simple scheme of common sense,
Thus save your fame, and make two worlds your own.

The world replies not;—but the world persists,
And puts the cause off to the longest day,
Planning evasions for the day of doom:
So far, at that rehearing, from redress,
They then turn witnesses against themselves.
Hear that, Lorenzo! nor be wise to-morrow.
Haste, haste! a man, by nature, is in haste;
For who shall answer for another hour?
'Tis highly prudent to make one sure friend,
And that thou canst not do this side the skies.

Ye sons of Earth! (nor willing to be more!)
Since verse you think from priestcraft somewhat free,
Thus, in an age so gay, the Muse plain truths
(Truths which, at church, you might have heard in prose)
Has ventur'd into light, well-pleas'd the verse
Should be forgot, if you the truths retain,

And crown her with your welfare, not your praiſe.
But praiſe ſhe need not fear: I ſee my fate,
And headlong leap, like Curtius, down the gulf.
Since many an ample volume, mighty tome,
Muſt die, and die unwept; O thou minute,
Devoted page! go forth among thy foes;
Go, nobly proud of martyrdom for truth,
And die a double death: mankind, incens'd,
Denies thee long to live; nor ſhalt thou reſt
When thou art dead, in Stygian ſhades arraign'd
By Lucifer, as traitor to his throne,
And bold blaſphemer of his friend,—the World;
The world, whoſe legions coſt him ſlender pay,
And volunteers around his banner ſwarm,
Prudent as Pruſſia in her zeal for Gaul.
"Are all, then, fools?" Lorenzo cries.—Yes, all
But ſuch as hold this doctrine, (new to thee)
"The mother of true wiſdom is the will,"
The nobleſt intellect a fool without it.
World-wiſdom much has done, and more may do,
In arts and ſciences, in wars and peace;
But art and ſcience, like thy wealth, will leave thee,
And make thee twice a beggar at thy death.
This is the moſt indulgence can afford,—
"Thy wiſdom all can do but—make thee wiſe."
Nor think this cenſure is ſevere on thee;
Satan, thy maſter, I dare call a dunce.

End of Night Eighth.

THE CONSOLATION.

NIGHT IX. AND LAST.

Containing, among other things,

I. A MORAL SURVEY OF THE NOCTURNAL HEAVENS.

II. A NIGHT-ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

Humbly inscribed to

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,

One of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State.

---Patis contraria fata rependens. Virg.

As when a traveller, a long day past
In painful search of what he cannot find,
At night's approach, content with the next cot,
There ruminates a while his labour lost;
Then cheers his heart with what his fate affords,
And chants his sonnet to deceive the time,
Till the due season calls him to repose;
Thus I, long-travell'd in the ways of men,
And dancing, with the rest, the giddy maze,
Where Disappointment smiles at Hope's career,
Warn'd by the languor of life's evening ray,
At length have hous'd me in an humble shed,
Where, future wand'ring banish'd from my thought,
And waiting, patient, the sweet hour of rest,

I chase the moments with a serious song.
Song sooths our pains, and age has pains to sooth.
When age, care, crime, and friends, embrac'd at heart,
Torn from my bleeding breast, and death's dark shade,
Which hovers o'er me, quench th' ethereal fire,
Canst thou, O Night! indulge one labour more?
One labour more indulge! then sleep, my Strain!
Till, haply, wak'd by Raphael's golden lyre,
Where night, death, age, care, crime, and sorrow,
To bear a part in everlasting lays; [cease,
Tho' far, far higher set, in aim, I trust,
Symphonious to this humble prelude here.
Has not the Muse asserted pleasures pure,
Like those above, exploding other joys?
Weigh what was urg'd, Lorenzo! fairly weigh,
And tell me, hast thou cause to triumph still?
I think thou wilt forbear a boast so bold:
But if, beneath the favour of mistake,
Thy smiles sincere, not more sincere can be
Lorenzo's smile, than my compassion for him.
The sick in body call for aid; the sick
In mind are covetous of more disease,
And when at worst, they dream themselves quite well.
To know, ourselves diseas'd is half our cure.
When Nature's blush by custom is wip'd off,
And conscience, deaden'd by repeated strokes,
Has into manners naturaliz'd our crimes,

The curſe of curſes is our curſe to love,
To triumph in the blackneſs of our guilt,
(As Indians glory in the deepeſt jet)
And throw aſide our ſenſes with our peace.
But grant no guilt, no ſhame, no leaſt alloy;
Grant joy and glory quite unſully'd ſhone;
Yet, ſtill, it ill deſerves Lorenzo's heart.
No joy, no glory, glitters in thy ſight,
But, thro' the thin partition of an hour,
I ſee its fables wove by Deſtiny,
And that in ſorrow bury'd, this in ſhame,
While howling furies ring the doleful knell,
And Conſcience, now ſo ſoft thou ſcarce canſt hear
Her whiſper, echoes her eternal peal.
Where the prime actors of the laſt year's ſcene,
Their port ſo proud, their buſkin, and their plume?
How many ſleep, who kept the world awake
With luſtre and with noiſe! Has Death proclaim'd
A truce, and hung his fated lance on high?
'Tis brandiſh'd ſtill, nor ſhall the preſent year
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or ſpread, of feeble life, a thinner fall.
But needleſs monuments to wake the thought;
Life's gayeſt ſcenes ſpeak man's mortality,
Tho' in a ſtyle more florid, full as plain
As mauſoleums, pyramids, and tombs.
What are our nobleſt ornaments, but Deaths
Turn'd flatterers of Life in paint or marble,

The well-ſtain'd canvaſs, or the feature'd ſtone?
Our fathers image, or rather haunt, the ſcene.
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead;
"Profeſs'd diverſions! cannot theſe eſcape?"
Far from it: theſe preſent us with a ſhroud,
And talk of death, like garlands o'er a grave.
As ſome bold plunderers for bury'd wealth,
We ranſack tombs for paſtimes; from the duſt
Call up the ſleeping hero, bid him tread
The ſcene for our amuſement. How like gods
We ſit, and, wrapt in immortality,
Shed gen'rous tears on wretches born to die,
Their fate deploring, to forget our own!
What all the pomps and triumphs of our lives
But legacies in bloſſom? Our lean ſoil,
Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,
From friends inter'd beneath, a rich manure!
Like other worms, we banquet on the dead;
Like other worms, ſhall we crawl on, nor know
Our preſent frailties or approaching fate?
Lorenzo! ſuch the glories of the world!
What is the world itſelf? Thy world—a grave.
Where is the duſt that has not been alive?
The ſpade, the plough, diſturb our anceſtors.
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around earth's hollow ſurface ſhakes,
And is the cieling of her ſleeping ſons.
O'er devaſtation we blind revels keep:

Whole bury'd towns ſupport the dancer's heel.
The moiſt of human frame the ſun exhales;
Winds ſcatter thro' the mighty void the dry:
Earth repoſſeſſes part of what ſhe gave,
And the freed ſpirit mounts on wings of fire:
Each element partakes our ſcatter'd ſpoils.
As Nature wide our ruins ſpread. Man's death
Inhabits all things but the thought of man.

Nor man alone; his breathing buſt expires;
His tomb is mortal: empires die: where, now,
The Roman? Greek? they ſtalk, an empty name!
Yet few regard them in this uſeful light,
Tho' half our learning is their epitaph.
When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,
That loves to wander in thy ſunleſs realms,
O Death! I ſtretch my view, what viſions riſe!
What triumphs! toils imperial! arts divine!
In wither'd laurels glide before my ſight!
What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high
With human agitation, roll along!
In unſubſtantial images of air!
The melancholy ghoſts of dead Renown,
Whiſp'ring faint echoes of the world's applauſe,
With penitential aſpect, as they paſs,
All point at earth, and hiſs at human pride,
The wiſdom of the wiſe, and prancings of the great.

But, O Lorenzo! far the reſt above,
Of ghaſtly nature, and enormous ſize,

One form assaults my sight, and chills my blood,
And shakes my frame. Of one departed World
I see the mighty shadow: oozy wreath
And dismal sea-weed crown her: o'er her urn
Reclin'd, she weeps her desolated realms,
And bloated sons, and, weeping, prophesies
Another's dissolution, soon, in flames:
But, like Cassandra, prophesies in vain;
In vain to many; not, I trust, to thee.
For, know'st thou not, or art thou loath to know,
The great decree, the counsel of the Skies?
Deluge and Conflagration, dreadful powers!
Prime ministers of vengeance! chain'd in caves
Distinct, apart, the giant furies roar;
Apart, or such their horrid rage for ruin,
In mutual conflict would they rise, and wage
Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd.
But not for this ordain'd their boundless rage.
When Heav'n's inferior instruments of wrath,
War, famine, pestilence, are found too weak
To scourge a world for her enormous crimes,
These are let loose alternate: down they rush,
Swift and tempestuous, from th' eternal throne,
With irresistible commission arm'd,
The world, in vain corrected, to destroy,
And ease creation of the shocking scene.
Seest thou, Lorenzo! what depends on man?
The fate of Nature, as for man her birth.

Earth's actors change earth's transitory scenes,
And make creation groan with human guilt.
How must it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd,
But not of waters! At the destin'd hour,
By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,
See all the formidable sons of fire,
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines; all at once disgorge
Their blazing magazines, and take, by storm,
This poor terrestrial citadel of man.
Amazing period! when each mountain-height
Outburns Vesuvius; rocks eternal pour
Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd;
Stars rush, and final Ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation!—while aloft,
More than astonishment! if more can be!
Far other firmament than e'er was seen,
Than e'er was thought by man! far other stars!
Stars animate, that govern these of fire;
Far other sun!—a sun, O how unlike
The Babe at Bethle'm! how unlike the Man
That groan'd on Calvary!—yet he it is;
That Man of sorrows! O how chang'd! what pomp!
In grandeur terrible all heav'n descends!
And gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.
A swift archangel, with his golden wing,
As blots and clouds that darken and disgrace
The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside,

And now, all droſs remov'd, heav'n's own pure day,
Full on the confines of our ether flames.
While (dreadful contraſt!) far, how far beneath!
Hell, burſting, belches forth her blazing ſeas,
And ſtorms ſulphureous, her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.
Lorenzo! welcome to this ſcene, the laſt
In Nature's courſe, the firſt in Wiſdom's thought.
This ſtrikes, if aught can ſtrike thee; this awakes
The moſt ſupine; this ſnatches man from death.
Rouſe, rouſe, Lorenzo! then, and follow me,
Where truth, the moſt momentous man can hear,
Loud calls my ſoul, and ardour wings her flight.
I find my inſpiration in my theme:
The grandeur of my ſubject is my Muſe.

At midnight, when mankind is wrapp'd in peace,
And worldly Fancy feeds on golden dreams,
To give more dread to man's moſt dreadful hour;
At midnight, 'tis preſum'd, this pomp will burſt
From tenfold darkneſs, ſudden as the ſpark
From ſmitten ſteel; from nitrous grain the blaze.
Man, ſtarting from his couch, ſhall ſleep no more!
The day is broke, which never more ſhall cloſe!
Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire!
All Nature ſtruggling in the pangs of death!
Doſt thou not hear her? doſt thou not deplore

Her ſtrong convulſions, and her final groan?
Where are we now? Ah me! the ground is gone
On which we ſtood. Lorenzo! while thou may'ſt
Provide more firm ſupport, or ſink for ever!
Where? how? from whence? Vain hope! it is too late!
Where, where, for ſhelter, ſhall the guilty fly,
When conſternation turns the good man pale?
Great day! for which all other days were made,
For which earth roſe from chaos, man from earth,
And an eternity, the date of gods,
Deſcended on poor earth-created man!
Great day of dread, deciſion, and deſpair!
At thought of thee each ſublunary wiſh
Lets go its eager graſp, and drops the world,
And catches at each reed of hope in heaven.
At thought of thee!—and art thou abſent then?
Lorenzo! no; 'tis here; it is begun:—
Already is begun the grand aſſize,
In thee, in all: deputed Conſcience ſcales
The dread tribunal, and foreſtalls our doom;
Foreſtalls, and, by foreſtalling, proves it ſure.
Why on himſelf ſhould man void judgment paſs?
Is idle Nature laughing at her ſons?
Who Conſcience ſent her ſentence will ſupport,
And God above aſſert that god in man.
Thrice happy they! that enter now the court
Heav'n opens in their boſoms: but how rare,
Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare!

What hero like the man who ſtands himſelf,
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone,
Who hears, intrepid, the full charge it brings,
Reſolv'd to ſilence future murmurs there?
The coward flies, and, flying, is undone.
(Art thou a coward? no!) the coward flies;
Thinks, but thinks ſlightly; aſks, but fears to know:
Aſks "What is truth?" with Pilate, and retires;
Diſſolves the court, and mingles with the throng:
Aſylum ſad! from reaſon, hope, and heav'n!
Shall all but man look out with ardent eye
For that great day which was ordain'd for man?
O day of conſummation! mark ſupreme
(If men are wiſe) of human thought! nor leaſt
Or in the ſight of angels or their King!
Angels, whoſe radiant circles, height o'er height,
Order o'er order; riſing, blaze o'er blaze,
As in a theatre, ſurround this ſcene,
Intent on man, and anxious for his fate.
Angels look out for thee; for thee their Lord,
To vindicate his glory, and for thee
Creation univerſal calls aloud
To diſinvolve the moral world, and give
To Nature's renovation brighter charms.
Shall man alone, whoſe fate, whoſe final fate,
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?
I think of nothing elſe; I ſee! I feel it!
All Nature, like an earthquake, trembling round!

All Deities, like ſummer's ſwarms, on wing!
All baſking in the full meridian blaze!
I ſee the Judge enthron'd! the flaming guard!
The volume open'd! open'd ev'ry heart!
A ſun-beam pointing out each ſecret thought!
No patron! intercellor none! now paſt
The ſweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!
For guilt no plea! to pain no pauſe! no bound!
Inexorable all! and all extreme!

Nor man alone; the foe of God and man,
From his dark den, blaſpheming, drags his chain,
And rears his brazen front, with thunder ſcarr'd,
Receives his ſentence, and begins his hell.
All vengeance paſt, now, ſeems abundant grace.
Like meteors in a ſtormy ſky, how roll
His baleful eyes! he curſes whom he dreads,
And deems it the firſt moment of his fall.

'Tis preſent to my thought!—and yet where is it?
Angels can't tell me; angels cannot gueſs
The period, from created beings lock'd
In darkneſs; but the proceſs and the place
Are leſs obſcure: for theſe may man inquire.
Say, thou great cloſe of human hopes and fears!
Great key of hearts! great finiſher of fates!
Great end! and great beginning! ſay, where art thou?
Art thou in time, or in eternity?
Nor in eternity nor time I find thee:
Theſe, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,

(Monarchs of all clasp'd or unarriv'd!)
As in debate, how best their pow'rs ally'd
May swell the grandeur, or discharge the wrath
Of him, whom both their monarchies obey.
Time, this last fabric for him built (and doom'd
With him to fall) now bursting o'er his head,
His lamp, the sun, extinguish'd, from beneath
The frown of hideous darkness calls his sons
From their long slumber, from earth's heaving womb
To second birth! contemporary throng!
Rous'd at one call, upstarted from one bed,
Press'd in one crowd, appall'd with one amaze,
He turns them o'er, Eternity! to thee.
Then (as a king depos'd disdains to live)
He falls on his own scythe, nor falls alone;
His greatest foe falls with him; Time, and he
Who murder'd all Time's offspring, Death, expire.
Time was! Eternity now reigns alone!
Awful Eternity! offended queen!
And her resentment to mankind how just!
With kind intent, soliciting access,
How often has she knock'd at human hearts!
Rich to repay their hospitality,
How often call'd! and with the voice of God!
Yet bore repulse, excluded as a cheat!
A dream! while foulest foes found welcome there!
A dream, a cheat, now all things but her smile.
For, lo! her twice ten thousand gates thrown wide,

As thrice from Indus to the frozen pole,
With banners ſtreaming as the comet's blaze,
And clarions louder than the deep in ſtorms,
Sonorous as immortal breath can blow,
Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and powers,
Of light, of darkneſs, in a middle field,
Wide as creation, populous as wide!
A neutral region! there to mark th' event
Of that great drama, whoſe preceding ſcenes
Detain'd them cloſe ſpectators, thro' a length
Of ages, ripening to this grand reſult;
Ages as yet unnumber'd but by God,
Who now, pronouncing ſentence, vindicates
The rights of virtue, and his own renown.

Eternity, the various ſentence paſt,
Aſſigns the ſever'd throng diſtinct abodes,
Sulphureous or ambroſial. What enſues?
The deed predominant! the deed of deeds!
Which makes a hell of hell, a heav'n of heav'n.
The goddeſs, with determin'd aſpect, turns
Her adamantine key's enormous ſize
Thro' Deſtiny's inextricable wards,
Deep driving ev'ry bolt on both their fates;
Then from the cryſtal battlements of heav'n
Down, down ſhe hurls it thro' the dark profound,
Ten thouſand thouſand fathom, there to ruſt,
And ne'er unlock her reſolution more.
The deep reſounds, and Hell, thro' all her glooms,

Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.
O how unlike the chorus of the ſkies!
O how unlike thoſe ſhouts of joy that ſhake
The whole ethereal! how the concave rings!
Nor ſtrange! when deities their voice exalt;
And louder far than when Creation roſe,
To ſee Creation's godlike aim and end
So well accompliſh'd! ſo divinely clos'd!
To ſee the mighty Dramatiſt's laſt act
(As meet) in glory riſing o'er the reſt.
No fancy'd God; a God, indeed, deſcends,
To ſolve all knots; to ſtrike the moral home;
To throw full day on darkeſt ſcenes of time;
To clear, commend, exalt, and crown the whole.
Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praiſe,
The charm'd ſpectators thunder their applauſe,
And the vaſt void beyond applauſe reſounds.
What then am I?—Amidſt applauding worlds,
And worlds celeſtial, is there found on earth
A peeviſh, diſſonant, rebellious ſtring,
Which jars in the grand chorus, and complains?
Cenſure on thee, Lorenzo! I ſuſpend,
And turn it on myſelf; how greatly due!
All, all is right, by God ordain'd or done;
And who, but God, reſum'd the friends he gave?
And have I been complaining, then, ſo long?
Complaining of his favours, pain, and death?

Who without Pain's advice would e'er be good?
Who without Death but would be good in vain?
Pain is to ſave from pain; all puniſhment
To make for peace; and death to ſave from death;
And ſecond death, to guard immortal life;
To rouſe the careleſs, the preſumptuous awe,
And turn the tide of ſouls another way;
By the ſame tenderneſs divine ordain'd
That planted Eden, and high-bloom'd for man
A fairer Eden, endleſs, in the ſkies.
Heav'n gives us friends to bleſs the preſent ſcene,
Reſumes them to prepare us for the next.
All evils natural are moral goods;
All diſcipline indulgence, on the whole.
None are unhappy: all have cauſe to ſmile,
But ſuch as to themſelves that cauſe deny.
Our faults are at the bottom of our pains:
Error in acts, or judgment, is the ſource
Of endleſs ſighs. We ſin, or we miſtake,
And Nature tax, when falſe opinion ſtings.
Let impious grief be baniſh'd, joy indulg'd,
But chiefly then when Grief puts in her claim.
Joy from the joyous frequently betrays,
Oft' lives in vanity, and dies in woe.
Joy amidſt ills corroborates, exalts;
'Tis joy and conqueſt; joy and virtue too.
A noble fortitude in ills delights
Heav'n, earth, ourſelves; 'tis duty, glory, peace.

Affliction is the good man's shining scene,
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray.
As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man.
Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,
And virtue in calamities admire.
The crown of manhood is a winter-joy;
An evergreen that stands the northern blast,
And blossoms in the rigour of our fate.
'Tis a prime part of happiness to know
How much unhappiness must prove our lot;
A part which few possess! I'll pay life's tax,
Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,
Nor think it misery to be a man,
Who thinks it is shall never be a god.
Some ills we wish for, when we wish to live.
What spoke proud Passion?—"Wish my being lost"?
Presumptuous! blasphemous! absurd! and false!
The triumph of my soul is,—that I am;
And therefore that I may be—what? Lorenzo!
Look inward, and look deep, and deeper still;
Unfathomably deep our treasure runs,
In golden veins, thro' all eternity!
Ages, and ages, and succeeding still
New ages, where the phantom of an hour,
Which courts, each night, dull slumber for repair,
Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praise,
And fly thro' infinite, and all unlock,

* Referring to the First Night.

And (if deſerv'd) by Heav'n's redundant love,
Made half-adorable, itſelf adore,
And find, in adoration, endleſs joy!
Where thou, not maſter of a moment here,
Frail as the flow'r, and fleeting as the gale,
May'ſt boaſt a whole eternity, enrich'd
With all a kind Omnipotence can pour.
Since Adam fell, no mortal, uninſpir'd,
Has ever yet conceiv'd, or ever ſhall,
How kind is God, how great (if good) is man.
No man too largely from Heav'n's love can hope,
If what is hop'd he labours to ſecure.
Ills!—there are none: All-gracious! none from thee;
From man full many! Num'rous is the race
Of blackeſt ills, and thoſe immortal too,
Begot by Madneſs on fair Liberty,
Heav'n's daughter, hell-debauch'd! her hand alone
Unlocks deſtruction to the ſons of men,
Faſt barr'd by thine: high-wall'd with adamant,
Guarded with terrors reaching to this world,
And cover'd with the thunders of thy law,
Whoſe threats are mercies, whoſe injunctions guides,
Aſſiſting, not reſtraining, Reaſon's choice;
Whoſe ſanctions, unavoidable reſults
From Nature's courſe, indulgently reveal'd,
If unreveal'd more dang'rous, nor leſs ſure.
Thus an indulgent father warns his ſons,
"Do this, fly that;"—nor always tells the cauſe;

Pleas'd to reward, as duty to his will,
A conduct needful to their own repose.
Great God of wonders! (if, thy love survey'd,
Aught else the name of wonderful retains)
What rocks are these on which to build our trust!
Thy ways admit no blemish; none I find;
Or this alone,—"That none is to be found:"
Not one to soften Censure's hardy crime,
Not one to palliate peevish Grief's complaint,
Who, like a demon, murm'ring from the dust,
Dares into judgment call her judge,—Supreme!
For all I bless thee; most for the severe;
Her death *—my own at hand—the fiery gulf,
That flaming bound of wrath omnipotent!
It thunders;—but it thunders to preserve,
It strengthens what it strikes; its wholesome dread
Averts the dreaded pain: its hideous groans
Join heav'n's sweet hallelujahs in thy praise,
Great Source of good alone! how kind in all!
In vengeance kind! Pain, death, gehenna, save.
Thus, in thy world material, mighty Mind!
Not that alone which solaces and shines,
The rough and gloomy, challenges our praise.
The winter is as needful as the spring;
The thunder as the sun. A stagnate mass
Of vapours breeds a pestilential air:
Nor more propitious the Favonian breeze
To Nature's health, than purifying storms.

* Lucia.

The dread volcano ministers to good;
Its smother'd flames might undermine the world.
Loud Ætna's fulminate in love to man:
Comets good omens are, when duly scann'd;
And, in their use, eclipses learn to shine.

Man is responsible for ills receiv'd;
Those we call wretched are a chosen band,
Compell'd to refuge in the right, for peace.
Amid my list of blessings infinite
Stand this the foremost, "That my heart has bled."
'Tis Heav'n's last effort of good-will to man.
When pain can't bless, Heav'n quits us in despair.
Who fails to grieve, when just occasion calls,
Or grieves too much, deserves not to be bless'd,
Inhuman or effeminate, his heart.
Reason absolves the grief which reason ends.
May Heav'n ne'er trust my friend with happiness,
Till it has taught him how to bear it well
By previous pain, and made it safe to smile!
Such smiles are mine, and such may they remain,
Nor hazard their extinction from excess.
My change of heart a change of style demands;
The Consolation cancels the Complaint,
And makes a convert of my guilty song.

As when o'er-labour'd, and inclin'd to breathe,
A panting traveller some rising ground,
Some small ascent, has gain'd, he turns him round,
And measures with his eye the various vale,

The fields, woods, meads, and rivers, he has paſt,
And, ſatiate of his journey, thinks of home,
Endear'd by diſtance, nor affects more toil;
Thus I, though ſmall, indeed, is that aſcent
The Muſe has gain'd, review the paths ſhe trod,
Various, extenſive, beaten but by few;
And, conſcious of her prudence in repoſe,
Pauſe, and with pleaſure meditate an end,
Tho' ſtill remote; ſo fruitful is my theme.
Thro' many a field of moral and divine
The Muſe has ſtray'd, and much of ſorrow ſeen
In human ways, and much of falſe and vain,
Which none who travel this bad road can miſs.
O'er friends decas'd full heartily ſhe wept;
Of love divine the wonders ſhe diſplay'd;
Prov'd man immortal; ſhew'd the ſource of joy;
The grand tribunal rais'd; aſſign'd the bounds
Of human grief. In few, to cloſe the whole,
The moral Muſe has ſhadow'd out a ſketch,
Tho' not in form, nor with a Raphael ſtroke,
Of moſt our weakneſs needs believe or do,
In this our land of travail and of hope,
For peace on earth, or proſpect of the ſkies.
What then remains? much! much! a mighty debt
To be diſcharg'd. Theſe Thoughts, O Night! are thine;
From thee they came, like lovers' ſecret ſighs,
While others ſlept. So Cynthia, (poets feign)
In ſhadows veil'd, ſoft-ſliding from her ſphere,

Her ſhepherd wheel'd of her enamour'd deſs
Than I of thee! And art thou ſtill unſung,
Beneath whoſe brow, and by whoſe aid, I ſing?
Immortal Silence! where ſhall I begin?
Where end? or how ſteal muſic from the ſpheres
To ſooth their goddeſs?
O majeſtic Night!
Nature's great anceſtor! Day's elder-born!
And fated to ſurvive the tranſient ſun!
By mortals and immortals ſeen with awe!
A ſtarry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waiſt; clouds, in heav'n's loom
Wrought thro' varieties of ſhape and ſhade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form, and, heav'n throughout,
Voluminouſly pour thy pompous train:
Thy gloomy grandeurs (Nature's moſt auguſt,
Inſpiring aſpect!) claim a grateful verſe,
And, like a ſable curtain ſtarr'd with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours paſt, ſhall cloſe the ſcene.
And what, O Man! ſo worthy to be ſung?
What more prepares us for the ſongs of heaven?
Creation of archangels is the theme!
What to be ſung ſo needful, what ſo well
Celeſtial joys prepare us to ſuſtain?
The ſoul of man, His face deſign'd to ſee
Who gave theſe wonders to be ſeen by man,
Has here a previous ſcene of objects great

On which to dwell, to ſtretch to that expanſe
Of thought, to riſe to that exalted height
Of admiration, to contract that awe,
And give her whole capacities that ſtrength
Which beſt may qualify for final joy.
The more our ſpirits are enlarg'd on earth,
The deeper draught ſhall they receive of heaven.
Heav'n's King! whoſe face unveil'd conſummates
Redundant bliſs! which fills that mighty void
The whole creation leaves in human hearts!
Thou! who didſt touch the lip of Jeſſe's ſon,
Rapt in ſweet contemplation of theſe fires,
And ſet his harp in concert with the ſpheres,
While of thy works material the Supreme
I dare attempt, aſſiſt my daring ſong:
Looſe me from earth's incloſure; from the ſun's
Contracted circle ſet my heart at large;
Eliminate my ſpirit, give it range
Thro' provinces of thought yet unexplor'd;
Teach me, by this ſtupendous ſcaffolding,
Creation's golden ſteps, to climb to thee:
Teach me with art great Nature to control,
And ſpread a luſtre o'er the ſhades of night.
Feel I thy kind aſſent? and ſhall the ſun
Be ſeen at midnight, riſing in my ſong?
Lorenzo! come, and warm thee; thou whoſe heart,
Whoſe little heart, is moor'd within a nook
Of this obſcure terreſtrial, anchor weigh;
Another ocean calls, a nobler port;

I am thy pilot, I thy prosp'rous gale:
Gainful thy voyage thro' yon azure main,
Main without tempest, pirate, rock, or shore,
And whence thou may'st import eternal wealth;
And leave to beggar'd minds the pearl and gold.
Thy travels dost thou boast o'er foreign realms?
Thou stranger to the world! thy tour begin;
Thy tour thro' Nature's universal orb.
Nature delineates her whole chart at large
On soaring souls, that sail among the spheres;
And man how purblind, if unknown the whole!
Who circles spacious earth, then travels here,
Shall own he never was from home before!
Come, my Prometheus * from thy pointed rock
Of false ambition, if unchain'd, we'll mount;
We'll, innocently, steal celestial fire,
And kindle our devotion at the stars,
A theft that shall not chain, but set thee free.
Above our atmosphere's intestine wars,
Rain's fountain-head, the magazine of hail;
Above the northern nests of feather'd snows,
The brew of thunders, and the flaming forge
That forms the crooked lightning; 'bove the caves
Where infant tempests wait their growing wings,
And tune their tender voices to that roar
Which soon, perhaps, shall shake a guilty world;
Above misconstru'd omens of the sky,

* Night the Eighth.

Far-travell'd comets, calculated blaze,
Elance thy thought, and think of more than man:
Thy soul, till now contracted, wither'd, shrunk,
Blighted by blasts of earth's unwholesome air,
Will blossom here, spread all her faculties
To these bright auditors, ev'ry pow'r unfold,
And rise into sublimities of thought.
Stars teach, as well as shine: At Nature's birth
Thus their commission ran,—"Be kind to man."
Where art thou, poor benighted Traveller!
The stars will light thee, tho' the moon should fail.
Where art thou, more benighted! more astray!
In ways immortal? the stars call thee back,
And, if obey'd their counsel, set thee right.
This prospect vast, what is it?—Weigh'd aright
'Tis Nature's system of divinity,
And ev'ry student of the night inspires.
'Tis elder Scripture, writ by God's own hand;
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man.
Lorenzo! with my radius (the rich gift
Of thought nocturnal!) I'll point out to thee
Its various lessons; some that may surprise
An unadept in mysteries of Night;
Little, perhaps, expected in her school,
Nor thought to grow on planet or on star.
Bulls, lions, scorpions, monsters here we feign,
Ourselves more monstrous, not to see what here
Exists indeed,—a lecture to mankind.

What read we here?—th' existence of a God?
Yes; and of other beings man above;
Natives of ether! sons of higher climes!
And, what may move Lorenzo's wonder more,
Eternity is written in the skies.
And whose eternity?—Lorenzo! thine;
Mankind's eternity. Nor faith alone,
Virtue grows here; here springs the sov'reign cure
Of almost ev'ry vice, but chiefly thine,
Wrath, pride, ambition, and impure desire.

Lorenzo! thou canst wake at midnight too,
Tho' not on morals bent. Ambition, Pleasure!
Those tyrants I for thee so lately fought *,
Afford their harass'd slaves but slender rest.
Thou, to whom midnight is immoral noon,
And the sun's noon-tide blaze prime dawn of day,
Not by thy climate, but capricious crime,
Commencing one of our antipodes!
In thy nocturnal rove one moment halt,
'Twixt stage and stage of riot and cabal,
And lift thine eye, (if bold an eye to lift,
If bold to meet the face of injur'd Heav'n)
To yonder stars: for other ends they shine
Than to light revellers from shame to shame,
And thus be made accomplices in guilt.

Why from yon' arch, that infinite of space,
With infinite of lucid orbs replete,

* Night the Eighth.

Which set the living firmament on fire
At the first glance, in such an overwhelm
Of wonderful on man's astonish'd light
Rushes Omnipotence!—To curb our pride,
Our reason rouse, and lead it to that Power
Whose love lets down these silver chains of light,
To draw up man's ambition to himself,
And bind our chaste affections to his throne.
Thus the three virtues, least alive on earth,
And welcom'd on heav'n's coast with most applause,
An humble, pure, and heav'nly-minded heart,
Are here inspir'd;—and canst thou gaze too long?
Nor stands thy wrath depriv'd of its reproof,
Or unupbraided by this radiant choir.
The planets of each system represent
Kind neighbours; mutual amity prevails;
Sweet interchange of rays, receiv'd, return'd;
Enlight'ning and enlighten'd! all, at once,
Attracting and attracted! patriot-like,
None sins against the welfare of the whole;
But their reciprocal, unselfish aid,
Affords an emblem of millennial love.
Nothing in nature, much less conscious being,
Was e'er created solely for itself.
Thus man his sov'reign duty learns in this
Material picture of benevolence.
And know, of all our supercilious race,
Thou most inflammable! thou wasp of men!

Man's angry heart, inſpected, would be found
As rightly ſet as are the ſtarry ſpheres:
'Tis Nature's ſtructure, broke by ſtubborn will,
Breeds all that uncleſtial diſcord there.
Wilt thou not feel the bias Nature gave?
Canſt thou deſcend from converſe with the ſkies,
And ſeize thy brother's throat!—For what?—a clod?
An inch of earth? The planets cry, "Forbear."
They chaſe our double darkneſs, Nature's gloom,
And (kinder ſtill!) our intellectual night.
And ſee, Day's amiable filial ſends
Her invitation in the loſteſt rays
Of mitigated luſtre; courts thy ſight,
Which ſuffers from her tyrant-brother's blaze.
Night grants thee the full freedom of the ſkies,
Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye;
With gain and joy ſhe bribes thee to be wiſe.
Night opes the nobleſt ſcenes, and ſheds an awe
Which gives thoſe venerable ſcenes full weight,
And deep reception in th' ontender'd heart,
While light peeps thro' the darkneſs like a ſpy,
And darkneſs ſhews its grandeur by the light.
Nor is the profit greater than the joy,
If human hearts at glorious objects glow,
And admiration can inſpire delight.
What ſpeak I more than I this moment feel?
With pleaſing ſtupor firſt the ſoul is ſtruck
(Stupor ordain'd to make her truly wiſe!)

Then into transport starting from her trance,
With love and admiration how she glows!
This gorgeous apparatus! this display!
This ostentation of creative power!
This theatre!—what eye can take it in?
By what divine inchantment was it rais'd,
For minds of the first magnitude to launch
In endless speculation, and adore?
One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine,
And light us deep into the Deity;
How boundless in magnificence and might!
O what a confluence of ethereal fires,
From urns unnumber'd, down the steep of heav'n
Streams to a point, and centres in my sight!
Nor tarries there; I feel it at my heart:
My heart, at once, it humbles and exalts;
Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies.
Who sees it unexalted, or unaw'd?
Who sees it, and can stop at what is seen?
Material offspring of Omnipotence!
Inanimate, all-animating birth!
Work worthy him who made it! worthy praise!
All praise! praise more than human! nor deny'd
Thy praise divine!—But tho' man, drown'd in sleep,
Withholds his homage, not alone I wake;
Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing unheard
By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,
In this his universal temple hung

With lustres, with innumerable lights,
That shed religion on the soul; at once
The temple and the preacher! O how loud
It calls devotion! genuine growth of Night!
Devotion! daughter of Astronomy!
An undevout astronomer is mad.
True, all things speak a God; but in the small
Men trace out him; in great he seizes man;
Seizes, and elevates, and raps, and fills
With new inquiries, 'mid associates new.
Tell me, ye Stars! ye Planets! tell me, all
Ye starr'd and planeted Inhabitants! what is it?
What are these sons of wonder? Say, proud Arch,
(Within whose azure palaces they dwell)
Built with divine ambition! in disdain
Of limit built! built in the taste of heav'n!
Vast concave! ample dome! wast thou design'd
A meet apartment for the Deity?—
Not so; that thought alone thy state impairs,
Thy lofty sinks, and shallows thy profound,
And strengthens thy diffusive; dwarfs the whole,
And makes an universe an Orrery.
But when I drop mine eye, and look on man,
Thy right regain'd, thy grandeur is restor'd,
O Nature! wide flies off th' expanding round:
As when whole magazines, at once, are fir'd,
The smitten air is hollow'd by the blow,
The vast displosion dissipates the clouds,

Shock'd ether's billows dash the distant skies;
Thus (but far more) th' expanding round flies off,
And leaves a mighty void, a spacious womb,
Might teem with new creation; reinflam'd,
Thy luminaries triumph, and assume
Divinity themselves. Nor was it strange
Matter high-wrought to such surprising pomp,
Such godlike glory, stole the style of gods,
From ages dark, obtuse, and steep'd in sense:
For sure to sense they truly are divine,
And half-absolv'd idolatry from guilt,
Nay, turn'd it into virtue. Such it was
In those who put forth all they had of man
Unlost, to lift their thought, nor mounted higher,
But, weak of wing, on planets perch'd, and thought
What was their highest must be their ador'd.

But they how weak, who could no higher mount?
And are there, then, Lorenzo! those to whom
Unseen, and unexistent, are the same?
And if incomprehensible is join'd,
Who dare pronounce it madness to believe?
Why has the mighty Builder thrown aside
All measure in his work? stretch'd out his line
So far, and spread amazement o'er the whole?
Then (as he took delight in wide extremes)
Deep in the bosom of his universe
Dropp'd down that reas'ning mite, that insect, man,
To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the scene?—

That man might ne'er presume to plead ambient
For disbelief of wonders in himself.
Shall God be less miraculous than what
His hand has form'd? shall mysteries descend
From unmysterious things more elevate
Be more familiar? uncreated lie
More obvious than created to the grasp
Of human thought? The more of wonderful
Is heard in him, the more we should assent:
Could we conceive him, God he could not be:
Or he not God, or we could not be men.
A God alone can comprehend a God:
Man's distance how immense! On such a theme,
Know this, Lorenzo! (seem it ne'er so strange)
Nothing can satisfy but what confounds:
Nothing but what astonishes is true.
The scene thou seest attests the truth I sing,
And ev'ry star sheds light upon thy creed.
These stars, this furniture, this cost of Heav'n,
If but reported, thou had'st ne'er believ'd;
But thine eye tells thee the romance is true.
The grand of Nature is th' Almighty's oath
In Reason's court, to silence Unbelief.
How my mind, op'ning at this scene, imbibes
The moral emanations of the skies,
While nought, perhaps, Lorenzo less admires!
Has the Great Sov'reign sent ten thousand worlds
To tell us he resides above them all,

In glory's unapproachable recess?
And dare earth's bold inhabitants deny
The ſumptuous, the magnific, embaſſy
A moment's audience? Third we, nor will hear
From whom they come, or what they would impart
For man's emolument, ſole cauſe that ſtoops
Their grandeur to man's eye? Lorenzo! rouſe;
Let thought, awaken'd, take the lightning's wing,
And glance from eaſt to weſt, from pole to pole.
Who ſees but is confounded, or convinc'd?
Renounces reaſon, or a God adores?
Mankind was ſent into the world to ſee:
Sight gives the ſcience needful to their peace;
That obvious ſcience aſks ſmall learning's aid.
Wouldſt thou on metaphyſic pinions ſoar?
Or wound thy patience amid logic thorns?
Of travel, hiſtory's enormous round?
Nature no ſuch hard taſk enjoins: ſhe gave
A make to man directive of his thought;
A make ſet upright, pointing to the ſtars,
As who ſhall ſay, "Read thy chief leſſon there."
Too late to read this manuſcript of heaven,
When, like a parchment-ſcroll, ſhrunk up by flames,
It folds Lorenzo's leſſon from his ſight.
Leſſon how various! not the God alone,
I ſee his miniſters; I ſee, diffus'd
In radiant orders, eſſences ſublime,
Of various offices, of various plume,

In heav'nly liveries distinctly clad,
Azure, green, purple, pearl, or downy gold,
Or all commix'd; they stand, with wings outspread,
List'ning to catch the Master's least command,
And fly thro' nature ere the moment ends;
Numbers innumerable!—Well conceiv'd
By Pagan and by Christian! O'er each sphere
Presides an angel to direct its course,
And feed, or fan, its flames, or to discharge
Other high trusts unknown: for who can see
Such pomp of matter, and imagine mind,
For which alone inanimate was made,
More sparingly dispens'd? that nobler sort,
Far liker the great Sire!—'Tis thus the skies
Inform us of superiors numberless,
As much, in excellence, above mankind,
As above earth, in magnitude, the spheres.
These, as a cloud of witnesses, hang o'er us.
In a throng'd theatre are all our deeds.
Perhaps a thousand demigods descend
On ev'ry beam we see to walk with men.
Awful reflection! strong restraint from ill!
Yet here our virtue finds still stronger aid
From these ethereal glories sense surveys.
Something, like magic, strikes from this blue vault:
With just attention if it view'd, we feel
A sudden succour, unimplor'd, unthought.
Nature herself does half the work of man.

Seas, rivers, mountains, forests, deserts, rocks,
The promontory's height, the depth profound
Of subterranean excavated grots,
Black-brow'd, and vaulted high, and yawning wide,
From Nature's structure, or the scoop of time;
If ample of dimension, vast of size,
Ev'n these an aggrandizing impulse give,
Of solemn thought enthusiastic heights
Ev'n these infuse.—But what of vast in these?
Nothing—or we must own the skies surgot.
Much less in art.—Vain Art! thou pigmy power!
How dost thou swell, and strut, with human pride,
To shew thy littleness! What childish toys,
Thy watry columns squirted to the clouds!
Thy bason'd rivers and imprison'd seas!
Thy mountains moulded into forms of men!
Thy hundred gated Capitals! or those
Where three days' travel left us much to ride,
Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought,
Arches triumphal, theatres immense,
Or nodding gardens pendent in mid air!
Or temples proud to meet their gods half-way!
Yet these affect us in no common kind:
What then the force of such superior scenes?
Enter a temple, it will strike an awe:
What awe from this the Deity has built?
A good man seen, tho' silent, counsel gives:
The touch'd spectator wishes to be wise.

In a bright mirror his own hands have made,
Here we see something like the face of God.
Seems it not then enough to say, Lorenzo,
No man abandon'd, "Hast thou seen the skies?"
And yet so thwarted Nature's kind design
By daring man, he makes her sacred awe
(That guard from ill) his shelter, his temptation
To more than common guilt, and quite inverts
Celestial Art's intent. The trembling stars
See crimes gigantic, stalking thro' the gloom
With front erect, that hide their head by day,
And making night still darker by their deeds.
Slumb'ring in covert, till the shades descend,
Rapine and Murder, link'd, now prowl for prey.
The miser earths his treasure, and the thief,
Watching the mole, half-beggars him ere morn.
Now plots and foul Conspiracies awake,
And, muffling up their horrors from the moon,
Havoc and devastation they prepare,
And kingdoms tott'ring in the field of blood.
Now sons of riot in mid-revel rage.
What shall I do?—suppress it? or proclaim?—
Why sleeps the thunder? Now, Lorenzo! now
His best friend's couch the rank adulterer
Ascends secure, and laughs at gods and men.
Prepost'rous madmen, void of fear or shame,
Lay their crimes bare to these chaste eyes of Heav'n,
Yet shrink and shudder at a mortal's sight.

Were moon and ſtars for villains only made
To guide, yet ſcreen them, with tenebrious light?
No; they were made to faſhion the ſublime
Of human hearts, and wiſer make the wiſe.
Thoſe ends were anſwer'd once, when mortals liv'd
Of ſtronger wing, of aquiline aſcent,
In theory ſublime. O how unlike
Thoſe vermine of the night, this moment ſung,
Who crawl on earth, and on her venom feed!
Thoſe ancient ſages, human ſtars! they met
Their brothers of the ſkies at midnight hour,
Their counſel aſk'd, and what they aſk'd obey'd.
The Stagirite, and Plato, he who drank
The poiſon'd bowl, and he of Tuſculum,
With him of Corduba (immortal names!)
In theſe unbounded and Elyſian walks,
An area fit for gods and godlike men,
They took their nightly round, thro' radiant paths,
By ſeraphs trod; inſtructed, chiefly, thus,
To tread in their bright footſteps here below,
To walk in worth ſtill brighter than the ſkies.
There they contracted their contempt of earth;
Of hopes eternal kindled there the fire;
There, as in near approach, they glow'd, and grew
(Great viſitants!) more intimate with God,
More worth to men, more joyous to themſelves.
Thro' various virtues they, with ardour, ran
The zodiac of their learn'd illuſtrious lives.

In Christian hearts O for a Pagan zeal!
A needful, but opprobrious pray'r! as much
Our ardour less, as greater is our light.
How monstrous this in morals! Scarce more strange
Would this phenomenon in nature strike,
A sun that froze her, or a star that warm'd.
What taught these heroes of the moral world?
To these thou giv'st thy praise, give credit too.
These doctors ne'er were pension'd to deceive thee,
And Pagan tutors are thy taste.—They taught
That narrow views betray to misery;
That wise it is to comprehend the whole;
That virtue rose from Nature, ponder'd well,
The single base of virtue built to heav'n;
That God and Nature our attention claim;
That Nature is the glass reflecting God,
As by the sea reflected is the sun,
Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his sphere;
That mind immortal loves immortal aims;
That boundless mind affects a boundless space;
That vast surveys, and the sublime of things,
The soul assimilate, and make her great;
That, therefore, Heav'n her glories, as a fund
Of inspiration, thus spreads out to man.
Such are their doctrines; such the Night inspir'd.
And what more true? what truth of greater weight?
The soul of man was made to walk the skies,
Delightful outlet of her prison here!

There, disincumber'd from her chains, the ties
Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large;
There freely can respire, dilate, extend,
In full proportion let loose all her powers,
And, undeluded, grasp at something great.
Nor as a stranger does she wander there,
But, wonderful herself, thro' wonder strays;
Contemplating their grandeur, finds her own;
Dives deep in their economy divine,
Sits high in judgment on their various laws,
And, like a master, judges not amiss.
Hence greatly pleas'd, and justly proud, the soul
Grows conscious of her birth celestial; breathes
More life, more vigour, in her native air,
And feels herself at home among the stars,
And, feeling, emulates her country's praise.

What call we, then, the firmament, Lorenzo?—
As earth the body, since the skies sustain
The soul with food that gives immortal life,
Call it the noble pasture of the mind,
Which there expatiates, strengthens, and exults,
And riots thro' the luxuries of thought.
Call it the garden of the Deity,
Blossom'd with stars, redundant in the growth
Of fruit ambrosial, moral fruit to man.
Call it the breastplate of the true High-priest,
Ardent with gems oracular, that give,

In points of higheſt moment, right reſponſe;
And ill neglected, if we prize our peace.
Thus have we found a true aſtrology;
Thus have we found a new and noble ſenſe,
In which alone ſtars govern human fates.
O that the ſtars (as ſome have feign'd) let fall
Bloodſhed, and havoc, on embattled realms,
And reſcu'd monarchs from ſo black a guilt!
Bourbon! this wiſh how gen'rous in a foe!
Wouldſt thou be great, wouldſt thou become a god,
And ſtick thy deathleſs name among the ſtars,
For mighty conqueſts on a needle's point?
Inſtead of forging chains for foreigners,
Baſtile thy tutor; grandeur all thy aim?
As yet thou know'ſt not what it is. How great,
How glorious, then, appears the mind of man,
When in it all the ſtars and planets roll!
And what it ſeems it is. Great objects make
Great minds, enlarging as their views enlarge;
Thoſe ſtill more godlike as theſe more divine.
And more divine than theſe thou canſt not ſee,
Dazzled, o'erpow'r'd, with the delicious draught
Of miſcellaneous ſplendours, how I reel
From thought to thought, inebriate, without end!
An Eden this! a Paradiſe unloſt!
I meet the Deity in ev'ry view,
And tremble at my nakedneſs before him!
O that I could but reach the tree of life!

For here it grows unguarded from our taſte;
No flaming ſword denies our entrance here:
Would man but gather, he might live for ever.
Lorenzo! much of moral haſt thou ſeen:
Of curious arts art thou more fond? then mark
The mathematic glories of the ſkies,
In number, weight, and meaſure, all ordain'd.
Lorenzo's boaſted builders, Chance and Fate,
Are left to finiſh his aërial towers;
Wiſdom and Choice their well-known characters
Here deep impreſs, and claim it for their own.
Tho' ſplendid all, no ſplendour void of uſe.
Uſe rivals beauty, art contends with power;
No wanton waſte amid effuſe expenſe,
The great Economiſt adjuſting all
To prudent pomp, magnificently wiſe.
How rich the proſpect! and for ever new;
And neweſt to the man that views it moſt;
For newer ſtill in infinite ſucceeds.
Then theſe aërial racers, O how ſwift!
How the ſhaft loiters from the ſtrongeſt ſtring!
Spirit alone can diſtance the career.
Orb above orb aſcending without end!
Circle in circle, without end, incloſ'd!
Wheel within wheel, Ezekiel! like to thine!
Like thine, it ſeems a viſion or a dream;
Tho' ſeen, we labour to believe it true!
What involution! what extent! what ſwarms
Of worlds, that laugh at earth! immenſely great!

Immenſely diſtant from each other's ſphere!
What, then, the wondrous ſpace thro' which they roll?
At once it quite ingulfs all human thought;
'Tis Comprehenſion's abſolute defeat.
Nor think thou ſeeſt a wild diſorder here:
Thro' this illuſtrious chaos to the ſight,
Arrangement neat, and chaſteſt order, reign:
The path preſcrib'd, inviolably kept,
Upbraids the lawleſs ſallies of mankind:
Worlds ever thwarting never interfere:
What knots are ty'd! how ſoon are they diſſolv'd,
And ſet the ſeeming marry'd planets free!
They rove for ever, without error rove;
Confuſion unconfus'd! nor leſs admire
This tumult untumultuous; all on wing,
In motion all! yet what profound repoſe!
What fervid action, yet no noiſe has aw'd
To ſilence by the preſence of their Lord;
Or huſh'd, by his command, in love to man,
And bid let fall ſoft beams on human reſt,
Reſtleſs themſelves. On yon' cerulean plain,
In exultation to their God and thine,
They dance, they ſing eternal jubilee,
Eternal celebration of his praiſe.
But ſince their ſong arrives not at our ear,
Their dance perplex'd exhibits to the ſight
Fair hieroglyphic of his peerleſs power.
Mark how the labyrinthian turns they take,

The circles intricate, and mystic maze,
Weave the grand cipher of Omnipotence;
To gods how great! how legible to man!
Leaves so much wonder greater wonder still?
Where are the pillars that support the skies?
What more than Atlantean shoulder props
Th' incumbent load? what magic, what strange art,
In fluid air these ponderous orbs sustains?
Who would not think them hung in golden chains?—
And so they are; in the high will of Heav'n,
Which fixes all, makes adamant of air,
Or air of adamant; makes all of nought,
Or nought of all, if such the dread decree.
Imagine from their deep foundations torn
The most gigantic sons of earth, the broad
And tow'ring Alps, all tost'd into the sea;
And, light as down, or volatile as air,
Their bulks enormous dancing on the waves,
In time and measure exquisite; while all
The winds, in emulation of the spheres,
Tune their sonorous instruments aloft,
The concert swell, and animate the ball.
Would this appear amazing? what then, worlds
In a far thinner element sustain'd,
And acting the same part with greater skill,
More rapid movement, and for noblest ends?
More obvious ends to pass, are not these stars
The seats majestic, proud imperial thrones,
On which angelic delegates of heav'n,

At certain periods, as the Sov'reign nods,
Discharge high trusts of vengeance or of love,
To clothe in outward grandeur grand design,
And acts most solemn still more solemnize?
Ye Citizens of air! what ardent thanks,
What full effusion of the grateful heart,
Is due from man, indulg'd in such a sight!
A sight so noble! and a sight so kind!
It drops new truths at every new survey!
Feels not Lorenzo something stir within,
That sweeps away all period? As these spheres
Measure duration, they no less inspire
The godlike hope of ages without end.
The boundless space, thro' which these rovers take
Their restless roam, suggests the sister-thought
Of boundless time. Thus by kind Nature's skill,
To man unlabour'd, that important guest,
Eternity, finds entrance at the sight;
And an eternity for man ordain'd,
Or these his destin'd midnight counsellors,
The stars, had never whisper'd it to man.
Nature informs, but ne'er insults, her sons:
Could she, then, kindle the most ardent wish
To disappoint it?—That is blasphemy.
Thus of thy creed a second article,
Momentous as th' existence of a God,
Is found (as I conceive) where rarely sought;
And thou may'st read thy soul immortal here.

Here, then, Lorenzo! on these glories dwell,
Nor want the gilt, illuminated roof,
That calls the wretched gay to dark delights.
Assemblies?—this is none divinely bright;
Here, unendanger'd in health, wealth, or fame,
Range thro' the fairest, and the Sultan scorn.
He, wise as thou, no Crescent holds so fair
As that which on his turbant awes a world,
And thinks the moon is proud to copy him.
Look on her, and gain more than worlds can give,
A mind superior to the charms of power.
Thou muffled in delusions of this life!
Can yonder moon turn Ocean in his bed
From side to side in constant ebb and flow,
And purify from stench his watry realms,
And fails her moral influence? wants she power
To turn Lorenzo's stubborn tide of thought
From stagnating on earth's infected shore,
And purge from dulness his corrupted heart?
Fails her attraction when it draws to heav'n?
Nay, and to what thou valu'st more, earth's joy?
Minds elevate, and panting for unseen,
And desecate from sense, alone obtain
Full relish of existence undefiow'r'd;
The life of life, the zest of worldly bliss;
All else on earth amounts—to what? to this,
"Bad to be suffer'd, blessings to be lest:"
Earth's richest inventory boasts no more.

Of higher ſcenes be then the call obey'd.
O let me gaze!—of gazing there's no end.
O let me think!—thought, too, is wilder'd here;
In mid-way flight Imagination tires;
Yet ſoon reprunes her wing to ſoar anew,
Her point unable to forbear or gain
So great the pleaſure, ſo profound the plan!
A banquet this where men and angels meet,
Eat the ſame manna, mingle earth and heaven.
How diſtant ſome of theſe nocturnal ſuns!
So diſtant (ſays the ſage) 'twere not abſurd
To doubt if beams, ſet out at Nature's birth,
Are yet arriv'd at this ſo foreign world,
Tho' nothing half ſo rapid as their flight.
An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,
And roll for ever. Who can ſatiate ſight
In ſuch a ſcene? in ſuch an ocean wide
Of deep aſtoniſhment? where depth, height, breadth
Are loſt in their extremes; and where to count
The thick-ſown glories in this field of fire,
Perhaps a ſeraph's computation fails.
Now go, Ambition! boaſt thy boundleſs might
In conqueſt o'er the tenth part of a grain.
And yet Lorenzo calls for miracles,
To give his tott'ring faith a ſolid baſe.
Why call for leſs than is already thine?
Thou art no novice in theology;
What is a miracle?—'tis a reproach,

'Tis an implicit satire on mankind,
And while it satisfies it censures too.
To common-sense great Nature's course proclaims
A Deity. When mankind falls asleep,
A miracle is sent as an alarm
To wake the world, and prove him o'er again,
By recent argument, but not more strong.
Say which imports more plenitude of power,
Or Nature's laws to fix, or to repeal?
To make a sun, or stop his mid career?
To countermand his orders, and send back
The flaming courier to the frighted East,
Warm'd and astonish'd at his evening ray?
Or bid the moon, as with her journey tir'd,
In Ajalon's soft flow'ry vale repose?
Great things are these; still greater to create.
From Adam's birth look down thro' the whole train
Of miracles;—irresistless is their power!
They do not, cannot, more amaze the mind,
Than this, call'd unmiraculous survey,
If duly weigh'd, if rationally seen.
If seen with human eyes. The brute, indeed,
Sees nought but spangles here; the fool no more.
Say'st thou, "The course of Nature governs all?"
The course of Nature is the art of God.
The miracles thou call'st for this attest;
For say, could Nature Nature's course control?

But, miracles apart, who sees him not
Nature's Controller, Author, Guide, and End?
Who turns his eye on Nature's midnight face,
But must inquire—"What hand behind the scene,
"What arm Almighty, put these wheeling globes
"In motion, and wound up the vast machine?
"Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs?
"Who bowl'd them flaming thro' the dark profound,
"Num'rous as glitt'ring gems of morning-dew,
"Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,
"And set the bosom of Old Night on fire,
"Peopled her desert, and made Horror smile?"
Or if the military style delights thee,
(For stars have fought their battles, leagu'd with man)
"Who marshals this bright host? enrols their names,
"Appoints their post, their marches, and returns,
"Punctual, at stated periods? who disbands
"These vet'ran troops, their final duty done,
"If e'er disbanded?"—He whose potent word,
Like the loud trumpet, levy'd first their powers
In Night's inglorious empire, where they slept
In beds of darkness; arm'd them with fierce flames;
Arrang'd, and disciplin'd, and cloth'd in gold,
And call'd them out of Chaos to the field,
Where now they war with Vice and Unbelief.
O let us join this army! joining these
Will give us hearts intrepid at that hour
When brighter flames shall cut a darker night;

When these strong demonstrations of a God
Shall hide their heads, or tumble from their spheres,
And one eternal curtain cover all!
Struck at that thought, as new-awak'd, I lift
A more enlighten'd eye, and read the stars
To man still more propitious, and their aid
(Tho' guiltless of idolatry) implore,
Nor longer rob them of their noblest name.
O ye Dividers of my time! ye bright
Accomptants of my days, and months, and years,
In your fair kalendar distinctly mark'd
Since that authentic, radiant register,
Tho' man inspects it not, stands good against him;
Since you and years roll on, tho' man stands still,
Teach me my days to number, and apply
My trembling heart to wisdom, now beyond
All shadow of excuse for fooling on.
Age smooths our path to prudence; sweeps aside
The snares keen appetite and passion spread
To catch stray souls; and woe to that gray head
Whose folly would undo what age has done!
Aid, then, aid, all ye Stars!—Much rather thou,
Great Artist! thou whose finger set aright
This exquisite machine, with all its wheels,
Tho' intervolv'd, exact, and pointing out
Life's rapid and irrevocable flight
With such an index fair as none can miss
Who lifts an eye, nor sleeps till it is clos'd;

Open mine eye, dread Deity! to read
The tacit doctrine of thy works; to see
Things as they are, unalter'd thro' the glass
Of worldly wishes. Time, eternity!
('Tis these mismeasur'd ruin all mankind)
Set them before me; let me lay them both
In equal scale, and learn their various weight.
Let time appear a moment, as it is,
And let eternity's full orb, at once,
Turn on my soul, and strike it into heav'n.
When shall I see far more than charms me now,
Gaze on creation's model in thy breast
Unveil'd, nor wonder at the transcript more?
When this vile, foreign dust, which smothers all
That travel earth's deep vale, shall I shake off?
When shall my soul her incarnation quit,
And, readopted to thy bless'd embrace,
Obtain her apotheosis in thee?

Dost think, Lorenzo, this is wand'ring wide?
No; 'tis directly striking at the mark.
To wake thy dead devotion* was my point;
And how I bless Night's consecrating shades,
Which to a temple turn an universe,
Fill us with great ideas, full of heaven,
And antidote the pestilential earth!
In ev'ry storm that either frowns or falls,
What an asylum has the soul in pray'r!

* Ver. 610.

And what a fane is this in which to pray!
And what a God muſt dwell in ſuch a fane!
O what a genius muſt inform the ſkies!
And is Lorenzo's ſalamander-heart
Cold, and untouch'd, amid theſe ſacred fires?
O ye nocturnal Sparks! ye glowing Embers,
On heav'n's broad hearth! who burn, or burn no more,
Who blaze, or die, as great Jehovah's breath
Or blows you or forbears, aſſiſt my ſong;
Pour your whole influence, exorciſe his heart,
So long poſſeſs'd, and bring him back to man.
And is Lorenzo a demurrer ſtill?
Pride in thy parts provokes thee to conteſt
Truths which, conteſted, put thy parts to ſhame:
Nor ſhame they more Lorenzo's head than heart,
A faithleſs heart, how deſpicably ſmall!
Too ſtrait aught great or gen'rous to receive!
Fill'd with an atom! fill'd and foul'd with ſelf!
And ſelf-miſtaken! ſelf, that laſts an hour!
Inſtincts and paſſions of the nobler kind
Lie ſuffocated there, or they alone,
Reaſon apart, would wake high hope, and open,
To raviſh'd thought, that intellectual ſphere
Where Order, Wiſdom, Goodneſs, Providence,
Their endleſs miracles of love diſplay,
And promiſe all the truly great deſire.
The mind that would be happy muſt be great;
Great in its wiſhes, great in its ſurveys.

Extended views a narrow mind extend,
Push out its corrugate, expansive make,
Which, ere long, more than planets shall embrace.
A man of compass, makes a man of worth.
Divine contemplate, and become divine.
As man was made for glory and for bliss,
All littleness is in approach to woe.
Open thy bosom; set thy wishes wide,
And let in manhood; let in happiness;
Admit the boundless theatre of thought
From nothing, up to God, which makes a man.
Take God from Nature, nothing great is left;
Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing sees;
Man's heart is in a jakes, and loves the mire.
Emerge from thy profound; erect thine eye;
See thy distress! how close art thou besieg'd!
Besieg'd by Nature, the proud sceptic's foe!
Inclos'd by these innumerable worlds,
Sparkling conviction on the darkest mind,
As in a golden net of Providence,
How art thou caught, sure captive of belief!
From this thy bless'd captivity what art,
What blasphemy to reason, sets thee free!
This scene is Heav'n's indulgent violence;
Canst thou bear up against this tide of glory?
What is earth bosom'd in these ambient orbs,
But faith in God impos'd, and press'd on man?
Dar'st thou still litigate thy desp'rate cause,

Spite of these num'rous, awful witnesses,
And doubt the deposition of the skies?
O how laborious is thy way to ruin!
Laborious? 'tis impracticable quite:
To sink beyond a doubt in this debate,
With all its weight of wisdom and of will,
And crime flagitious, I defy a fool.
Some wish they did, but no man disbelieves.
God is a spirit; spirit cannot strike
These gross material organs; God by man
As much is seen, as man a God can see.
In these astonishing exploits of power.
What order, beauty, motion, distance, size!
Concertion of design, how exquisite!
How complicate in their divine police!
Apt means! great ends! consent to general good!
Each attribute of these material gods,
So long (and that with specious pleas) ador'd,
A sep'rate conquest gains o'er rebel thought,
And leads in triumph the whole mind of man.

Lorenzo! this may seem harangue to thee;
Such all is apt to seem that thwarts our will.
And dost thou, then, demand a simple proof
Of this great master moral of the skies,
Unskill'd, or disinclin'd, to read it there?
Since 'tis the basis, and all drops without it,
Take it in one compact, unbroken chain.
Such proof insists on an attentive ear,

'Twill not make one amid a mob of thoughts,
And for thy notice ſtruggle with the world.
Retire;—the world ſhut out;—thy thoughts call
Imagination's airy wing repreſs;—[home;—
Lock up thy ſenſes;—let no paſſion ſtir;—
Wake all to Reaſon;—let her reign alone;—
Then in thy ſoul's deep ſilence, and the depth
Of Nature's ſilence, midnight, thus inquire,
As I have done, and ſhall inquire no more.
In Nature's channel thus the queſtions run.
"What am I? and from whence?—I nothing know
" But that I am; and ſince I am, conclude
" Something eternal: had there e'er been nought,
" Nought ſtill had been: eternal there muſt be.—
" But what eternal? Why not human race?
" And Adam's anceſtors without an end?—
" That's hard to be conceiv'd, ſince ev'ry link
" Of that long-chain'd ſucceſſion is ſo frail.
" Can ev'ry part depend, and not the whole?
" Yet grant it true, new difficulties riſe;
" I'm ſtill quite out at ſea, nor ſee the ſhore.
" Whence earth, and theſe bright orbs?—Eternal
" Grant matter was eternal, ſtill theſe orbs [too?—
" Would want ſome other father;—much deſign
" Is ſeen in all their motions, all their makes.
" Deſign implies intelligence and art;
" That can't be from themſelves—or man: that art
" Man ſcarce can comprehend, could men beſtow?

" And nothing greater yet allow'd than man.—
" Who motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
" Shot thro' vast masses of enormous weight?
" Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume
" Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
" Has matter innate motion? then each atom,
" Asserting its indisputable right
" To dance, would form an universe of dust:
" Has matter none? then whence these glorious forms
" And boundless flights from shapeless and repos'd?
" Has matter more than motion? has it thought,
" Judgment, and genius? is it deeply learn'd
" In mathematics? has it fram'd such laws,
" Which but to guess a Newton made immortal?—
" If so, how each sage atom laughs at me,
" Who think a clod inferior to a man!
" If art to form, and counsel to conduct,
" And that with greater far than human skill,
" Resides not in each block,—a Godhead reigns.—
" Grant, then, invisible, eternal Mind;
" That granted, all is solv'd:—but granting that,
" Draw I not o'er me a still darker cloud?
" Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive?
" A being without origin or end!—
" Hail, human Liberty! there is no God—
" Yet why? on either scheme that knot subsists;
" Subsist it must in God or human race;
" If in the last, how many knots beside,

" Indiſſoluble all?—why chuſe it there
" Where, choſen, ſtill ſubſiſt ten thouſand more?
" Reject it where, that choſen, all the reſt,
" Diſpers'd, leave Reaſon's whole horizon clear?
" This is not Reaſon's dictate; Reaſon ſays,
" Cloſe with the ſide where one grain turns the ſcale.
" What vaſt preponderance is here! can Reaſon
" With louder voice exclaim—Believe a God?
" And reaſon heard, is the ſole mark of man.
" What things impoſſible muſt man think true
" On any other ſyſtem? and how ſtrange
" To diſbelive thro' mere credulity!"
If in this chain Lorenzo finds no flaw,
Let it for ever bind him to belief.
And where the link in which a flaw he finds?
And if a God there is, that God how great!
How great that pow'r whoſe providential care
Thro' theſe bright orbs' dark centres darts a ray!
Of Nature univerſal threads the whole!
And hangs creation, like a precious gem,
Tho' little, on the footſtool of his throne!
That little gem how large! A weight let fall
From a fix'd ſtar, in ages can it reach
This diſtant earth Say, then, Lorenzo? where,
Where ends this mighty building? where begin
The ſuburbs of creation? where the wall
Whoſe battlements look o'er into the vale
Of non-exiſtence, Nothing's ſtrange abode!

Say at what point of ſpace Jehovah dropp'd
His ſlacken'd line, and laid his balance by;
Weigh'd worlds, and meaſur'd infinite no more?
Where rears his terminating pillar high
Its extramundane head? and ſays to gods,
In characters illuſtrious as the ſun,
"I ſtand, the plan's proud period; I pronounce
"The work accompliſh'd; the creation clos'd:
"Shout, all ye Gods! nor ſhout, ye Gods, alone;
"Of all that lives, or, if devoid of life,
"That reſts, or rolls; ye Heights and Depths, reſound!
"Reſound! reſound! ye Depths and Heights, reſound!"
Hard are thoſe queſtions!—anſwer harder ſtill.
Is this the ſole exploit, the ſingle birth,
The ſolitary ſon of Pow'r Divine?
Or has th' Almighty Father, with a breath,
Impregnated the womb of diſtant Space?
Has he not bid, in various provinces,
Brother-creations the dark bowels burſt
Of Night primeval, barren now no more?
And he the central ſun, tranſpiercing all
Thoſe giant-generations which diſport,
And dance as motes, in his meridian ray,
That ray withdrawn, benighted, or abſorb'd
In that abyſs of horror whence they ſprung;
While Chaos triumphs, repoſſeſt of all
Rival Creation raviſh'd from his throne?
Chaos! of Nature both the womb and grave!

Think'ſt thou my ſcheme, Lorenzo, ſpreads too wide?
Is this extravagant?—No; this is juſt;
Juſt in conjecture, tho' 'twere falſe in fact.
If 'tis an error, 'tis an error ſprung
From noble root, high thought of the moſt High.
But wherefore error? who can prove it ſuch?—
He that can ſet Omnipotence a bound.
Can man conceive beyond what God can do?
Nothing but quite impoſſible is hard.
He ſummons into being, with like eaſe,
A whole creation, and a ſingle grain.
Speaks he the word? a thouſand worlds are born!
A thouſand worlds? there's ſpace for millions more;
And in what ſpace can his great fiat fail?
Condemn me not, cold Critic! but indulge
The warm imagination: why condemn?
Why not indulge ſuch thoughts as ſwell our hearts
With fuller admiration of that Power
Who gives our hearts with ſuch high thoughts to ſwell?
Why not indulge in his augmented praiſe?
Darts not his glory a ſtill brighter ray,
The leſs is left to Chaos and the realms
Of hideous Night, where Fancy ſtrays aghaſt,
And, tho' moſt talkative, makes no report?
Still ſeems my thought enormous? think again;—
Experience ſelf ſhall aid thy lame belief.
Glaſſes, (that revelation to the ſight!)
Have they not led us in the deep diſcloſe

Of fine-spun Nature, exquisitely small,
And, tho' demonstrated, still ill-conceiv'd?
If, then, on the reverse the mind would mount
In magnitude, what mind can mount too far,
To keep the balance, and creation poise?
Defect alone can err on such a theme:
What is too great, if we the cause survey?
Stupendous Architect! thou, thou art all!
My soul flies up and down in thoughts of thee,
And finds herself but at the centre still!
I Am thy name! existence all thine own!
Creation's nothing, flatter'd much if styl'd
"The thin, the fleeting atmosphere of God."
O for the voice—of what? of whom?—what voice
Can answer to my wants, in such ascent
As dares to deem one universe too small?
Tell me, Lorenzo! (for now Fancy glows,
Fir'd in the vortex of almighty power)
Is not this home creation, in the map
Of universal Nature, as a speck,
Like fair Britannia, in our little ball;
Exceeding fair, and glorious, for its size,
But, elsewhere, far outmeasur'd, far outshone?
In fancy (for the fact beyond us lies)
Canst thou not figure it, an isle, almost
Too small for notice in the vast of being;
Sever'd by mighty seas of unbuilt space
From other realms; from ample continents

Of higher life, where nobler natives dwell;
Less northern, less remote from Deity,
Glowing beneath the line of the Supreme,
Where souls in excellence make haste, put forth
Luxuriant growths, nor the late autumn wait
Of human worth, but ripen soon to gods?
Yet why drown Fancy in such depths as these?
Return, presumptuous Rover! and confess
The bounds of man, nor blame them, as too small.
Enjoy we not full scope in what is seen?
Full ample the dominions of the sun!
Full glorious to behold! how far, how wide,
The matchless monarch from his flaming throne,
Lavish of lustre, throws his beams about him,
Farther and faster than a thought can fly,
And feeds his planets with eternal fires!
This Heliopolis, by greater far
Than the proud tyrant of the Nile was built,
And he alone who built it can destroy.
Beyond this city why strays human thought?
One wonderful enough for man to know!
One infinite enough for man to range!
One firmament enough for man to read!
O what voluminous instruction here!
What page of wisdom is deny'd him? none,
If learning his chief lesson makes him wise.
Nor is instruction here our only gain;
There dwells a noble pathos in the skies,

Which warms our paſſions, proſelytes our hearts.
How eloquently ſhines the glowing pole!
With what authority it gives its charge,
Remonſtrating great truths in ſtyle ſublime,
Tho' ſilent, loud! heard earth around; above
The planets heard; and not unheard in hell;
Hell has her wonder, tho' too proud to praiſe.
Is earth, then, more infernal? has ſhe thoſe
Who neither praiſe (Lorenzo!) nor admire?
Lorenzo's admiration, pre-engag'd,
Ne'er aſk'd the moon one queſtion; never held
Leaſt correſpondence with a ſingle ſtar;
Ne'er rear'd an altar to the Queen of heaven
Walking in brightneſs, or her train ador'd.
Their ſublunary rivals have long ſince
Engroſs'd his whole devotion; ſtars malign,
Which made the fond aſtronomer run mad,
Darken his intellect, corrupt his heart;
Cauſe him to ſacrifice his fame and peace
To momentary madneſs, call'd Delight:
Idolater more groſs than ever kiſs'd
The lifted hand to Luna, or pour'd out
The blood to Jove!—O thou, to whom belongs
All ſacrifice! O thou great Jove unfeign'd!
Divine Inſtructor! thy firſt volume this
For man's peruſal; all in capitals!
In moon and ſtars (heav'n's golden alphabet!)
Emblaz'd to ſeize the ſight, who runs may read;

Who reads can underſtand. 'Tis unconfin'd
To Chriſtian land or Jewry; fairly writ,
In language univerſal, to mankind;
A language lofty to the learn'd, yet plain
To thoſe that feed the flock, or guide the plough,
Or from his huſk ſtrike out the bounding grain:
A language worthy the great Mind that ſpeaks!
Preface and comment to the ſacred page!
Which oft' refers its reader to the ſkies,
As preſuppoſing his firſt leſſon there,
And Scripture 'ſelf a fragment, that unread.
Stupendous book of wiſdom to the wiſe!
Stupendous book! and open'd, Night! by thee.

By thee much open'd, I confeſs, O Night!
Yet more I wiſh; but how ſhall I prevail?
Say, gentle Night! whoſe modeſt, maiden beams,
Give us a new creation, and preſent
The world's great picture ſoften'd to the ſight;
Nay, kinder far, far more indulgent ſtill,
Say thou, whoſe mild dominion's ſilver key
Unlocks our hemiſphere, and ſets to view
Worlds beyond number, worlds conceal'd by day
Behind the proud and envious ſtar of noon!
Canſt thou not draw a deeper ſcene,—and ſhew
The Mighty Potentate to whom belong
Theſe rich regalia, pompouſly diſplay'd
To kindle that high hope? Like him of Uz,
I gaze around, I ſearch on ev'ry ſide—

O for a glimpſe of him my ſoul adores!
As the chas'd hart, amid the deſert waſte,
Pants for the living ſtream, for him who made her
So pants the thirſty ſoul amid the blank
Of ſublunary joys. Say, Goddeſs! where?
Where blazes his bright court? where burns his throne?
Thou know'ſt, for thou art near him; by thee, round
His grand pavilion, ſacred Fame reports
The ſable curtain drawn. If not, can none
Of thy fair daughter-train, ſo ſwift of wing,
Who travel far, diſcover where he dwells?
A ſtar his dwelling pointed out below.
Ye Pleiades! Arcturus! Mazaroth!
And thou, Orion! of ſtill keener eye!
Say ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves,
And bring them out of tempeſt into port!
On which hand muſt I bend my courſe to find him?
Theſe courtiers keep the ſecret of their King;
I wake whole nights, in vain, to ſteal it from them.

I wake, and, waking, climb Night's radiant ſcale
From ſphere to ſphere, the ſteps by Nature ſet
For man's aſcent, at once to tempt and aid;
To tempt his eye, and aid his tow'ring thought,
Till it arrives at the great goal of all.

In ardent Contemplation's rapid car,
From earth, as from my barrier, I ſet out.
How ſwift I mount! diminiſh'd earth recedes:
I paſs the moon; and, from her farther ſide,

Pierce heav'n's blue curtain; ſtrike into remote;
Where, with his lifted tube, the ſubtle ſage
His artificial airy journey takes,
And to celeſtial lengthens human ſight.
I pauſe at ev'ry planet on my road,
And aſk for him who gives their orbs to roll,
Their foreheads fair to ſhine. From Saturn's ring,
In which of earths an army might be loſt,
With the bold comet take my bolder flight,
Amid thoſe ſov'reign glories of the ſkies,
Of independent, native luſtre proud;
The ſouls of ſyſtems! and the lords of life,
Thro' their wide empires!—What behold I now?
A wilderneſs of wonder burning round,
Where larger ſuns inhabit higher ſpheres;
Perhaps the villas of deſcending gods;
Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun;
'Tis but the threſhold of the Deity;
Or, far beneath it, I am grov'lling ſtill.
Nor is it ſtrange; I built on a miſtake:
The grandeur of his works, whence Folly ſought
For aid, to Reaſon ſets his glory higher;
Who built thus high for worms (mere worm to him)
O where, Lorenzo! muſt the builder dwell?
Pauſe, then, and, for a moment, here reſpire—
If human thought can keep its ſtation here.
Where am I?—where is earth?—nay, where art thou,
O Sun?—Is the ſun turn'd recluſe?—and are

His boaſted expeditions ſhort to mine?—
To mine how ſhort! On Nature's Alps I ſtand,
And ſee a thouſand firmaments beneath!
A thouſand ſyſtems! as a thouſand grains!
So much a ſtranger, and ſo late arriv'd,
How can man's curious ſpirit not inquire
What are the natives of this world ſublime,
Of this ſo foreign, unterreſtrial ſphere,
Where mortal, untranſlated, never ſtray'd?
" O ye, as diſtant from my little home
" As ſwifteſt ſunbeams in an age can fly!
" Far from my native element I roam,
" In queſt of new and wonderful to man.
" What province this, of his immenſe domain,
" Whom all obeys? or mortals here, or gods?
" Ye Bord'rers on the coaſts of Bliſs! what are you?
" A colony from heav'n? or only rais'd,
" By frequent viſit from heav'n's neighb'ring realms,
" To ſecondary gods, and half divine?—
" Whate'er your nature, this is paſt diſpute,
" Far other life you live, far other tongue
" You talk, far other thought, perhaps, you think,
" Than man. How various are the works of God!
" But ſay, what thought? Is Reaſon here enthron'd,
" And abſolute? or Senſe in arms againſt her?
" Have you two lights? or need you no reveal'd?
" Enjoy your happy realms their golden age?
" And had your Eden an abſtemious Eve?

" Our Eve's fair daughters prove their pedigree,
" And aſk their Adams—" Who would not be wife?"
" Or, if your mother fell, are you redeem'd?
" And if redeem'd—is your Redeemer ſcorn'd?
" Is this your final reſidence? if not,
" Change you your ſcene tranſlated, or by death?
" And if by death, what death?—Know you diſ-
" eaſe?
" Or horrid war?—With war, this fatal hour,
" Europa groans (ſo call we a ſmall field
" Where kings run mad.) In our world, Death deputes
" Intemperance to do the work of Age,
" And, hanging up the quiver Nature gave him,
" As ſlow of execution, for diſpatch
" Sends forth imperial butchers; bids them ſlay
" Their ſheep, (the ſilly ſheep they fleec'd before)
" And toſs him twice ten thouſand at a meal.
" Sit all your executioners on thrones?
" With you can rage for plunder make a god?
" And bloodſhed waſh out ev'ry other ſtain?—
" But you, perhaps, can't bleed: from matter groſs
" Your ſpirits clean are delicately clad
" In fine-ſpun ether, privileg'd to ſoar,
" Unloaded, uninfected. How unlike
" The lot of man! how few of human race
" By their own mud unmurder'd! how we wage
" Self-war eternal!—Is your painful day
" Of hardy conflict o'er? or are you ſtill

" Raw candidates at ſchool? and have you thoſe
" Who diſaffect reverſions, as with us?—
" But what are we? you never heard of man,
" Or earth, the bedlam of the univerſe!
" Where Reaſon (undiſeas'd with you) runs mad,
" And nurſes Folly's children as her own,
" Fond of the fouleſt. In the ſacred mount
" Of Holineſs, where Reaſon is pronounc'd
" Infallible, and thunders like a god,
" Ev'n there, by ſaints the demons are outdone;
" What theſe think wrong our ſaints refine to right,
" And kindly teach dull Hell her own black arts;
" Satan, inſtructed, o'er their morals ſmiles.—
" But this how ſtrange to you who know not man?
" Has the leaſt rumour of our race arriv'd?
" Call'd here Elijah in his flaming car?
" Paſt by you the good Enoch, on his road
" To thoſe fair fields whence Lucifer was hurl'd;
" Who bruſh'd, perhaps, your ſphere in his deſcent,
" Stain'd your pure cryſtal ether, or let fall
" A ſhort eclipſe from his portentous ſhade?
" O that the fiend had lodg'd on ſome broad orb
" Athwart his way, nor reach'd his preſent home,
" Then blacken'd earth, with footſteps foul'd in hell,
" Nor waſh'd in ocean, as from Rome he paſt
" To Britain's iſle, too, too conſpicuous there."
But this is all digreſſion: where is he
That o'er heav'n's battlements the felon hurl'd

To groans, and chains, and darkneſs? where is he
Who ſees creation's ſummit in a vale?
He whom, while man is man, he can't but ſeek,
And if he finds, commences more than man?
O for a teleſcope his throne to reach!
Tell me, ye Learn'd on earth! or Bleſs'd above!
Ye ſearching, ye Newtonian angels! tell
Where your Great Maſter's orb? his planets where?
Thoſe conſcious ſatellites, thoſe morning-ſtars,
Firſt-born of Deity! from central love,
By veneration moſt profound, thrown off;
By ſweet attraction no leſs ſtrongly drawn;
Aw'd, and yet raptur'd; raptur'd, yet ſerene;
Paſt thought illuſtrious, but with borrow'd beams;
In ſtill approaching circles ſtill remote,
Revolving round the ſun's eternal Sire?
Or ſent, in lines direct, on embaſſies
To nations—in what latitude?—beyond
Terreſtrial thought's horizon!—and on what
High errands ſent?—Here human effort ends,
And leaves me ſtill a ſtranger to his throne.

Full well it might! I quite miſtook my road;
Born in an age more curious than devout,
More fond to fix the place of heav'n or hell,
Than ſtudious this to ſhun, or that ſecure.
'Tis not the curious but the pious path
That leads me to my point. Lorenzo! know,
Without or ſtar or angel for their guide,

Who worſhip God ſhall find him. Humble Love,
And not proud Reaſon, keeps the door of heav'n;
Love finds admiſſion where proud Science fails.
Man's ſcience is the culture of his heart,
And not to loſe his plumbet in the depths
Of Nature, or the more profound of God:
Either to know is an attempt that ſets
The wiſeſt on a level with the fool.
To fathom Nature (ill-attempted here!)
Paſt doubt is deep philoſophy above;
Higher degrees in bliſs archangels take,
As deeper learn'd, the deepeſt learning ſtill.
For what a thunder of omnipotence
(So might I dare to ſpeak) is ſeen in all!
In man! in earth! in more amazing ſkies!
Teaching this leſſon Pride is loath to learn——
"Not deeply to diſcern, nor much to know,
"Mankind was born to wonder and adore."
And is there cauſe for higher wonder ſtill
Than that which ſtruck us from our paſt ſurveys?
Yes; and for deeper adoration too.
From my late airy travel unconfin'd,
Have I learn'd nothing?——Yes, Lorenzo! this;
Each of theſe ſtars is a religious houſe;
I ſaw their altars ſmoke, their incenſe riſe,
And heard hoſannas ring thro' ev'ry ſphere,
A ſeminary fraught with future gods.
Nature all o'er is conſecrated ground,

Teeming with growths immortal and divine.
The great Proprietor's all-bounteous hand
Leaves nothing waſte, but ſows theſe fiery fields
With ſeeds of Reaſon, which to virtues riſe
Beneath his genial ray; and, if eſcap'd
The peſtilential blaſts of ſtubborn will,
When grown mature are gather'd for the ſkies.
And is devotion thought too much on earth,
When beings, ſo ſuperior, homage boaſt,
And triumph in proſtrations to the throne?

But wherefore more of planets or of ſtars?
Ethereal journeys, and, diſcover'd there,
Ten thouſand worlds, ten thouſand ways devout,
All Nature ſending incenſe to the throne,
Except the bold Lorenzos of our ſphere?
Op'ning the ſolemn ſources of my ſoul,
Since I have pour'd, like feign'd Eridanus,
My flowing numbers o'er the flaming ſkies,
Nor ſee of fancy or of fact what more
Invites the Muſe—here turn we and review
Our paſt nocturnal landſcape wide;—then ſay,
Say, then, Lorenzo! with what burſt of heart
The whole, at once, revolving in his thought,
Muſt man exclaim, adoring, and aghaſt?
" O what root! O what branch, is here!
" O what a Father! what a family?
" Worlds! ſyſtems! and creations!—and creations,
" In one agglomerated cluſter, hung,

" Great Vine *! on thee, on thee the cluſter hangs,
" The filial cluſter! infinitely ſpread
" In glowing globes, with various being fraught,
" And drinks (nectareous draught!) immortal life.
" Or, ſhall I ſay (for who can ſay enough?)
" A conſtellaton of ten thouſand gems,
" (And, O! of what dimenſion! of what weight!)
" Set in one ſignet, flames on the right hand
" Of Majeſty Divine! The blazing ſeal,
" That deeply ſtamps, on all created mind,
" Indelible, his ſovereign attributes,
" Omnipotence and Love! that paſſing bound,
" And this ſurpaſſing that. Nor ſtop we here
" For want of pow'r in God, but thought in man.
" Ev'n this acknowledg'd leaves us ſtill in debt;
" If greater aught, that greater all is thine,
" Dread Sire!—Accept this miniature of thee,
" And pardon an attempt from mortal thought,
" In which archangels might have fail'd unblam'd."

How ſuch ideas of th' Almighty's pow'r,
And ſuch ideas of th' Almighty's plan,
(Ideas not abſurd) diſtend the thought
Of feeble mortals! nor of them alone!
The fulneſs of the Deity breaks forth
In inconceivables to men and gods.
Think, then, O think, nor ever drop the thought,
How low muſt man deſcend when gods adore!

* John xv. 1.

Have I not, then, accompliſh'd my proud boaſt?
Did I not tell thee "We would mount*, Lorenzo!
"And kindle our devotion at the ſtars?"
And have I fail'd? and did I flatter thee?
And art all adamant? and doſt confute,
All urg'd, with one irrefragable ſmile?
Lorenzo! mirth how miſerable here!
Swear by the ſtars, by Him who made them, ſwear,
Thy heart, henceforth, ſhall be as pure as they;
Then thou, like them, ſhalt ſhine; like them, ſhalt riſe
From low to lofty, from obſcure to bright,
By due gradation, Nature's ſacred law.
The ſtars from whence?—aſk Chaos—he can tell.
Theſe bright temptations to idolatry
From darkneſs and confuſion took their birth;
Sons of Deformity! from fluid dregs
Tartarean firſt they roſe to maſſes rude,
And then to ſpheres opaque; then dimly ſhone,
Then brighten'd; then blaz'd out in perfect day.
Nature delights in progreſs, in advance
From worſe to better; but when minds aſcend,
Progreſs, in part, depends upon themſelves.
Heav'n aids exertion. Greater makes the great.
The voluntary little leſſens more.
O be a man! and thou ſhalt be a god!
And half ſelf-made!—ambition how divine!
O thou, ambitious of diſgrace alone!
Still undevout? unkindled?—tho' high taught,

* Ver. 616.

School'd by the ſkies, and pupil of the ſtars,
Rank coward to the faſhionable world!
Art thou aſham'd to bend thy knee to Heav'n?
Curs'd fume of pride, exhal'd from deepeſt hell!
Pride in religion is man's higheſt praiſe.
Bent on deſtruction! and in love with death!
Not all theſe luminaries, quench'd at once,
Were half ſo ſad as one benighted mind,
Which gropes for happineſs, and meets deſpair.
How, like a widow in her weeds, the Night,
Amid her glimm'ring tapers, ſilent ſits!
How ſorrowful, how deſolate, ſhe weeps
Perpetual dews, and ſaddens Nature's ſcene!
A ſcene more ſad ſin makes the darken'd ſoul,
All comfort kills, nor leaves one ſpark alive.
Tho' blind of heart, ſtill open is thine eye.
Why ſuch magnificence in all thou ſeeſt?
Of matter's grandeur, know one end is this,
To tell the rational, who gazes on it,—
" Tho' that immenſely great, ſtill greater he
" Whoſe breaſt, capacious, can embrace and lodge,
" Unburden'd, Nature's univerſal ſcheme;
" Can graſp creation with a ſingle thought;
" Creation graſp, and not exclude its Sire."—
To tell him farther—" It behoves him much
" To guard th' important yet depending fate
" Of being, brighter than a thouſand ſuns;
" One ſingle ray of thought outſhines them all."—

And if man hears obedient, ſoon he'll ſoar
Superior heights, and on his purple wing,
His purple wing bedropp'd with eyes of gold,
Riſing, where thought is now deny'd to riſe,
Look down triumphant on theſe dazzling ſpheres.
Why then perſiſt?—no mortal ever liv'd
But, dying, he pronounc'd (when words are true)
The whole that charms thee abſolutely vain;
Vain, and far worſe!—Think thou with dying men;
O condeſcend to think as angels think!
O tolerate a chance for happineſs!
Our nature ſuch, ill choice inſures ill fate;
And hell had been, tho' there had been no God.
Doſt thou not know, my new Aſtronomer!
Earth, turning from the ſun, brings night to man?
Man, turning from his God, brings endleſs night;
Where thou canſt read no morals, find no friend,
Amend no manners, and expect no peace.
How deep the darkneſs! and the groan how loud!
And far, how far, from lambent are the flames!—
Such is Lorenzo's purchaſe! ſuch his praiſe!
The proud, the politic, Lorenzo's praiſe!
Tho' in his ear, and levell'd at his heart,
I've half read o'er the volume of the ſkies.

For think not thou haſt heard all this from me;
My ſong but echoes what great Nature ſpeaks.
What has ſhe ſpoken? Thus the goddeſs ſpoke,
Thus ſpeaks for ever;—"Place, at Nature's head,

" A Sov'reign which o'er all things rolls his eye,
" Extends his wing, promulgates his commands,
" But, above all, diffuſes endleſs good,
" To whom, for ſure redreſs, the wrong'd may fly,
" The vile for mercy, and the pain'd for peace;
" By whom the various tenants of theſe ſpheres,
" Diverſify'd in fortunes, place, and powers,
" Rais'd in enjoyment, as in worth they riſe,
" Arrive at length (if worthy ſuch approach)
" At that bleſs'd fountain-head from which they ſtream,
" Where conflict paſt redoubles preſent joy,
" And preſent joy looks forward on increaſe,
" And that on more; no period! ev'ry ſtep
" A double boon! a promiſe and a bliſs."
How eaſy ſits this ſcheme on human hearts!
It ſuits their make, it ſooths their vaſt deſires;
Paſſion is pleas'd, and Reaſon aſks no more:
'Tis rational! 'tis great!—but what is thine?
It darkens! ſhocks! excruciates! and confounds!
Leaves us quite naked, both of help and hope,
Sinking from bad to worſe; few years the ſport
Of Fortune, then the morſel of Deſpair.

Say, then, Lorenzo! (for thou know'ſt it well)
What's vice?—mere want of compaſs in our thought.
Religion what?—the proof of common-ſenſe.
How art thou hooted where the leaſt prevails!
Is it my fault if theſe truths call thee Fool?
And thou ſhalt never be miſcall'd by me.

Can neither Shame nor Terror ſtand thy friend?
And art thou ſtill an inſect in the mire?
How like thy guardian angel have I flown,
Snatch'd thee from earth, eſcorted thee thro' all
Th' ethereal armies, walk'd thee, like a god,
Thro' ſplendours of firſt magnitude, arrang'd
On either hand; clouds thrown beneath thy feet;
Cloſe-cruis'd on the bright paradiſe of God,
And almoſt introduc'd thee to the throne!
And art thou ſtill carouſing, for delight,
Rank poiſon? firſt fermenting to mere froth,
And then ſubſiding into final gall?
To beings of ſublime, immortal make,
How ſhocking is all joy whoſe end is ſure!
Such joy more ſhocking ſtill, the more it charms!
And doſt thou chuſe what ends ere well begun,
And infamous as ſhort? and doſt thou chuſe
(Thou, to whoſe palate glory is ſo ſweet)
To wade into perdition thro' contempt,
Not of poor bigots only, but thy own?
For I have peep'd into thy cover'd heart,
And ſeen it bluſh beneath a boaſtful brow;
For by ſtrong Guilt's moſt violent aſſault,
Conſcience is but diſabled, not deſtroy'd.
O thou moſt awful being! and moſt vain!
Thy will how frail! how glorious is thy power!
Tho' dread Eternity has ſown her ſeeds
Of bliſs and woe in thy deſpotic breaſt;

Tho' heav'n and hell depend upon thy choice,
A butterfly comes croſs, and both are fled.
Is this the picture of a rational?
This horrid image, ſhall it be moſt juſt?
Lorenzo! no; it cannot,—ſhall not be,
If there is force in reaſon, or in ſounds
Chanted beneath the glimpſes of the moon
A magic, at this planetary hour,
When Slumber locks the gen'ral lip, and dreams,
Thro' ſenſeleſs mazes, hunt ſouls uninſpir'd.
Attend—the ſacred myſteries begin——
My ſolemn nightborn adjuration hear;
Hear, and I'll raiſe thy ſpirit from the duſt,
While the ſtars gaze on this enchantment new;
Enchantment not infernal, but divine!
" By Silence, Death's peculiar attribute;
" By Darkneſs, Guilt's inevitable doom;
" By Darkneſs and by Silence, ſiſters dread!
" That draw the curtain round Night's ebon throne,
" And raiſe ideas ſolemn as the ſcene!
" By Night, and all of awful Night preſents
" To thought or ſenſe (of awful much, to both,
" The goddeſs brings!) By theſe her trembling fires,
" Like Veſta's, ever-burning, and, like her's,
" Sacred to thoughts immaculate and pure!
" By theſe bright orators that prove and praiſe,
" And preſs thee to revere the Deity,
" Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever'd, a while,

" To reach his throne, as ſtages of the ſoul
" Thro' which, at different periods, ſhe ſhall paſs,
" Refining gradual, for her final height,
" And purging off ſome droſs at ev'ry ſphere!
" By this dark pall thrown o'er the ſilent world!
" By the world's kings and kingdoms moſt renown'd,
" From ſhort Ambition's zenith ſet for ever,
" Sad preſage to vain boaſters, now in bloom!
" By the long liſt of ſwift mortality,
" From Adam downward to this ev'ning knell,
" Which Midnight waves in Fancy's ſtartled eye,
" And ſhocks her with an hundred centuries,[thought!
" Round Death's black banner throng'd in human
" By thouſands, now, reſigning their laſt breath,
" And calling thee—wert thou ſo wiſe to hear!
" By tombs o'er tombs ariſing, human earth
" Ejected, to make room for—human earth,
" The monarch's terror! and the ſexton's trade!
" By pompous obſequies that ſhun the day,
" The torch funereal, and the nodding plume,
" Which makes poor man's humiliation proud,
" Boaſt of our ruin! triumph of our duſt!
" By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones,
" And the pale lamp that ſhews the ghaſtly dead,
" More ghaſtly thro' the thick incumbent gloom!
" By viſits (if there are) from darker ſcenes,
" The gliding ſpectre! and the groaning grove!
" By groans, and graves, and miſeries that groan

" For the grave's ſhelter! By deſponding men,
" Senſeleſs to pains of death from pangs of guilt!
" By Guilt's laſt audit! By yon' moon in blood,
" The rocking firmament, the falling ſtars,
" And thunder's laſt diſcharge, great Nature's knell!
" By ſecond Chaos, and eternal Night,"—
Be wiſe—nor let Philander blame my charm;
But own not ill diſcharg'd my double debt,
Love to the living, duty to the dead.
For know I'm but executor; he left
This moral legacy; I make it o'er
By his command: Philander hear in me,
And Heav'n in both.—If deaf to theſe, oh! hear
Florello's tender voice; his weal depends
On thy reſolve; it trembles at thy choice:
For his ſake—love thyſelf: example ſtrikes
All human hearts; a bad example more,
More ſtill a father's; that infures his ruin.
As parent of his being, wouldſt thou prove
Th' unnatural parent of his miſeries,
And make him curſe the being which thou gav'ſt?
Is this the bleſſing of ſo fond a father?
If careleſs of Lorenzo, ſpare, oh! ſpare
Florello's father, and Philander's friend!
Florello's father ruin'd, ruins him;
And from Philander's friend the world expects
A conduct no diſhonour to the dead.
Let paſſion do what nobler motive ſhould;

Let love and emulation riſe in aid
To reaſon, and perſuade thee to be—bleſs'd.
This ſeems not a requeſt to be deny'd;
Yet (ſuch th' infatuation of mankind!)
'Tis the moſt hopeleſs man can make to man.
Shall I then riſe in argument and warmth?
And urge Philander's poſthumous advice,
From topics yet unbroach'd?——
But, oh! I faint! my ſpirits fail!—nor ſtrange!
So long on wing, and in no middle clime!
To which my great Creator's glory call'd;
And calls—but, now, in vain. Sleep's dewy wand
Has ſtrok'd my drooping lips, and promiſes
My long arrear of reſt: the downy god
(Wont to return with our returning peace)
Will pay, ere long, and bleſs me with repoſe.
Haſte, haſte, ſweet Stranger! from the peaſant's cot,
The ſhipboy's hammoc, or the ſoldier's ſtraw,
Whence Sorrow never chas'd thee; with thee bring
Not hideous viſions, as of late, but draughts
Delicious of well-taſted cordial reſt,
Man's rich reſtorative; his balmy bath,
That ſupples, lubricates, and keeps in play
The various movements of this nice machine,
Which aſks ſuch frequent periods of repair.
When tir'd with vain rotations of the day
Sleep winds us up for the ſucceeding dawn,
Freſh we ſpin on, till ſickneſs clogs our wheels,

Or death quite breaks the ſpring, and motion ends:
When will it end with me?
——" Thou only know'ſt,
" Thou, whoſe broad eye the future and the paſt
" Joins to the preſent, making one of three
" To moral thought! thou know'ſt, and thou alone,
" All-knowing!—all unknown!—and yet well known!
" Near, tho' remote! and, tho' unfathom'd, felt!
" And, tho' inviſible, for ever ſeen!
" And ſeen in all! the great and the minute:
" Each globe above, with its gigantic race,
" Each flow'r, each leaf, with its ſmall people ſwarm'd,
" (Thoſe puny vouchers of Omnipotence!)
" To the firſt thought that aſks 'From whence?' declare
" Their common ſource: thou fountain, running o'er
" In rivers of communicated joy!
" Who gav'ſt us ſpeech for far, far humbler themes!
" Say by what name ſhall I preſume to call
" Him I ſee burning in theſe countleſs ſuns,
" As Moſes in the buſh? Illuſtrious Mind!
" The whole creation leſs, far leſs, to thee,
" Than that to the creation's ample round,
" How ſhall I name thee?—How my lab'ring ſoul
" Heaves underneath the thought, too big for birth!
" Great Syſtem of perfections! mighty Cauſe
" Of cauſes mighty! Cauſe uncaus'd! ſole root
" Of Nature, that luxuriant growth of God!
" Firſt Father of effects! that progeny

" Of endleſs ſeries, where the golden chain's
" Laſt link admits a period who can tell?
" Father of all that is or heard or hears!
" Father of all that is or ſeen or ſees!
" Father of all that is or ſhall ariſe!
" Father of this immeaſurable maſs
" Of matter multiform, or denſe or rare,
" Opaque or lucid, rapid or at reſt,
" Minute, or paſſing bound! in each extreme
" Of like amaze and myſtery to man.
" Father of theſe bright millions of the night!
" Of which the leaſt full Godhead had proclaim'd,
" And thrown the gazer on his knee—Or, ſay,
" Is appellation higher ſtill thy choice?
" Father of matter's temporary lords!
" Father of ſpirits! nobler offspring! ſparks
" Of high paternal glory, rich endow'd
" With various meaſures, and with various modes
" Of inſtinct, reaſon, intuition; beams
" More pale or bright from day divine, to break
" The dark of matter organiz'd (the ware
" Of all created ſpirit) beams that riſe
" Each over other in ſuperior light,
" Till the laſt ripens into luſtre ſtrong,
" Of next approach to Godhead. Father fond
" (Far fonder than e'er bore that name on earth)
" Of intellectual beings! beings bleſs'd
" With pow'rs to pleaſe thee, not of paſſive ply

" To laws they know not; beings lodg'd in ſeats
" Of well-adapted joys, in different domes
" Of this imperial palace for thy ſons;
" Of this proud, populous, well-policy'd,
" Tho' boundleſs habitation, plann'd by thee;
" Whoſe ſeveral clans their ſeveral climates ſuit,
" And tranſpoſition, doubtleſs, would deſtroy.
" Or, oh! indulge, immortal King! indulge
" A title leſs auguſt, indeed, but more
" Endearing; ah! how ſweet in human ears!
" Sweet in our ears, and triumph in our hearts!
" Father of immortality to man!
" A theme that lately * ſet my ſoul on fire—
" And thou the next! yet equal! thou by whom
" That bleſſing was convey'd, far more! was bought,
" Ineffable the price! by whom all worlds
" Were made, and one redeem'd! illuſtrious Light
" From light illuſtrious! thou, whoſe regal power,
" Finite in time, but infinite in ſpace,
" On more than adamantine baſis fix'd,
" O'er more, far more, than diadems and thrones
" Inviolably reigns, the dread of gods!
" And, oh! the friend of man! beneath whoſe foot,
" And by the mandate of whoſe awful nod,
" All regions, revolutions, fortunes, fates,
" Of high, of low, of mind, and matter, roll
" Thro' the ſhort channels of expiring time,

* Nights the Sixth and Seventh.

" Or ſhoreleſs ocean of eternity,
" Calm or tempeſtuous (as thy Spirit breathes)
" In abſolute ſubjection!—And, O thou!
" The glorious Third! diſtinct, not ſeparate!
" Beaming from both! with both incorporate,
" And (ſtrange to tell!) incorporate with duſt!
" By condeſcenſion, as thy glory, great,
" Inſhrin'd in man! of human hearts, if pure,
" Divine Inhabitant! the tie divine
" Of heav'n with diſtant earth! by whom, I truſt,
" (If not inſpir'd) uncenſur'd this addreſs
" To thee, to them—to whom?—myſterious power!
" Reveal'd—yet unreveal'd! darkneſs in light!
" Number in unity! our joy! our dread!
" The triple bolt that lays all wrong in ruin!
" That animates all right, the triple ſun!
" Sun of the ſoul! her never-ſetting ſun!
" Triune, unutterable, unconceiv'd,
" Abſconding, yet demonſtrable, Great God!
" Greater than greateſt! better than the beſt!
" Kinder than kindeſt! with ſoft Pity's eye,
" Or (ſtronger ſtill to ſpeak it) with thine own,
" From thy bright home, from that high firmament
" Where thou, from all eternity, haſt dwelt;
" Beyond archangels' unaſſiſted ken,
" From far above what mortals higheſt call,
" From Elevation's pinacle, look down,
" Thro'—what? confounding interval! thro' all,

" And more, than lab'ring Fancy can conceive;
" Thro' radiant ranks of eſſences unknown;
" Thro' hierachies from hierarchies detach'd
" Round various banners of Omnipotence,
" With endleſs change of rapturous duties fir'd;
" Thro' wondrous beings' interpoſing ſwarms,
" All cluſtering at the call, to dwell in thee;
" Thro' this wide waſte of worlds! this viſta vaſt,
" All ſanded o'er with ſuns, ſuns turn'd to night
" Before thy feebleſt beam—look down—down—
" On a poor breathing particle in duſt, [down,
" Or, lower, an immortal in his crimes:
" His crimes forgive! forgive his virtues too!
" Thoſe ſmaller faults, half-converts to the right:
" Nor let me cloſe theſe eyes, which never more
" May ſee the ſun (tho' Night's deſcending ſcale
" Now weighs up Morn) unpity'd and unbleſs'd!
" In thy diſpleaſure dwells eternal pain;
" Pain, our averſion; pain, which ſtrikes me now;
" And, ſince all pain is terrible to man,
" Tho' tranſient, terrible, at thy good hour,
" Gently, ah, gently, lay me in my bed,
" My clay-cold bed! by nature, now, ſo near;
" By nature near, ſtill nearer by diſeaſe!
" Till then be this an emblem of my grave;
" Let it outpreach the preacher; ev'ry night
" Let it outcry the boy at Philip's ear,
" That tongue of death! that herald of the tomb!

" And when (the ſhelter of thy wing implor'd)
" My ſenſes, ſooth'd, ſhall ſink in ſoft repoſe,
" O ſink this truth ſtill deeper in my ſoul,
" Suggeſted by my pillow, ſign'd by Fate,
" Firſt in Fate's volume, at the page of Man—
" " Man's ſickly ſoul, tho' turn'd and toſs'd for ever
" From ſide to ſide, can reſt on nought but thee;
" Here in full truſt, hereafter in full joy:"
" On thee, the promis'd, ſure, eternal down
" Of ſpirits, toil'd in travel thro' this vale:
" Nor of that pillow ſhall my ſoul deſpond;
" For—Love almighty! Love almighty! (ſing,
" Exult, Creation!) Love almighty reigns!
" That death of death! that cordial of deſpair!
" And loud Eternity's triumphant ſong!
" Of whom no more:—for, O thou Patron-God!
" Thou God and mortal! thence more God to man!
" Man's theme eternal! man's eternal theme!
" Thou canſt not 'ſcape uninjur'd from our praiſe:
" Uninjur'd from our praiſe can he eſcape
" Who, diſembos'm'd from the Father, bows
" The heav'n of heav'n's to kiſs the diſtant earth!
" Breathes out in agonies a ſinleſs ſoul!
" Againſt the croſs Death's iron ſceptre breaks!
" From famiſh'd Ruin plucks her human prey!
" Throws wide the gates celeſtial to his foes!
" Their gratitude, for ſuch a boundleſs debt,
" Deputes their ſuff'ring brothers to receive!

" And if deep human guilt in payment fails,
" As deeper guilt prohibits our deſpair!
" Enjoins it, as our duty, to rejoice!
" And (to cloſe all) omnipotently kind,
" Takes his delights among the ſons of men *."
What words are theſe—and did they come from heav'n?
And were they ſpoke to man? to guilty man?
What are all myſteries to love like this?
The ſongs of angels, all the melodies
Of choral gods, are wafted in the ſound;
Heal and exhilarate the broken heart,
Tho' plung'd, before, in horrors dark as night:
Rich prelibation of conſummate joy!
Nor wait we diſſolution to be bleſs'd.
This final effort of the moral Muſe,
How juſtly *titled*†! nor for me alone;
For all that read. What ſpirit of ſupport,
What heights of Conſolation, crown my ſong!
Then farewell Night! of darkneſs, now, no more;
Joy breaks, ſhines, triumphs; 'tis eternal day.
Shall that which riſes out of nought complain
Of a few evils, paid with endleſs joys?
My Soul! henceforth, in ſweeteſt union join
The two ſupports of human happineſs,
Which ſome, erroneous, think can never meet,
True taſte of life, and conſtant thought of death!

* Prov. chap. viii. † The Conſolation.

The thought of death, ſole victor of its dread!
Hope be thy joy, and probity thy ſkill;
Thy patron he whoſe diadem has dropp'd
Yon' gems of heav'n, eternity thy prize;
And leave the racers of the world their own,
Their feather and their froth, for endleſs toils:
They part with all for that which is not bread;
They mortify, they ſtarve, on wealth, fame, power,
And laugh to ſcorn the fools that aim at more.
How muſt a ſpirit, late eſcap'd from earth,
Suppoſe Philander's, Lucia's, or Narciſſa's,
The truth of things new-blazing in its eye,
Look back, aſtoniſh'd on the ways of men;
Whoſe lives' whole drift is to forget their graves!
And when our preſent privilege is paſt,
To ſcourge us with due ſenſe of its abuſe,
The ſame aſtoniſhment will ſeize us all.
What then muſt pain us would preſerve us now.
Lorenzo! 'tis not yet too late. Lorenzo!
Seize wiſdom, ere 'tis torment to be wiſe;
That is, ſeize Wiſdom ere ſhe ſeizes thee.
For what, my ſmall Philoſopher! is hell?
'Tis nothing but full knowledge of the truth,
When Truth, reſiſted long, is ſworn our foe,
And calls Eternity to do her right.
Thus darkneſs aiding intellectual light,
And ſacred Silence whiſp'ring truths divine,
And truths divine converting pain to peace,

My Song the midnight raven has outwing'd,
And ſhot, ambitious of unbounded ſcenes,
Beyond the flaming limits of the world
Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight
Of Fancy, when our hearts remain below?
Virtue abounds in flatterers and foes;
'Tis pride to praiſe her, penance to perform.
To more than words, to more than worth of tongue,
Lorenzo! riſe, at this auſpicious hour,
An hour when Heav'n's moſt intimate with man;
When, like a falling ſtar, the ray divine
Glides ſwift into the boſom of the juſt;
And juſt are all determin'd to reclaim,
Which ſets that title high within thy reach.
Awake, then; thy Philander calls; awake!
Thou, who ſhalt wake when the Creation ſleeps;
When, like a taper, all theſe ſuns expire;
When Time, like him of Gaza in his wrath,
Plucking the pillars that ſupport the world,
In Nature's ample ruins lies entomb'd,
And midnight, univerſal midnight! reigns.

End of Night-Thoughts.

BRITISH MUSEUM

CONTENTS.

Page

NIGHT VII. The Infidel Reclaimed. Part II. 1

Night VIII. Virtue's Apology: or, The Man of the World anſwered, 58

Night IX. and Laſt, containing, among other things,
I. A moral Survey of the nocturnal Heavens.
II. A Night-addreſs to the Deity, 109

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END OF VOLUME SECOND.

CONTENTS.

Page

Night VII. The Infidel Reclaimed. Part II.

Night VIII. Virtue's Apology; or, The Man of the World answered.

Night IX. and Last, containing, among other things,

I. A moral Survey of the modern Heathens.

II. A Night-address to the Deity.